

A MESSAGE FROM GOD 1888

by Unknown

A collection of articles and writings from A Message From God 1888, covering various biblical topics and Christian teaching.

73 Chapters

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A Message From God 1888

“My Jesus is a Wonder!”

SUCH were almost the last words of a dying woman whom a friend went to see, not quite sure as to her real state of soul; but a little talk with the sick one soon set his mind at rest on that point.

The invalid said she was going home, upon which the visitor asked,

“Where is your home; do you know anything of Jesus?”

“Oh! MY Jesus is a wonder!” was the reply; “He has saved me from the wrath to come.”

“How was that?” inquired the neighbor, wishing to get further and decided testimony of the safety of his friend.

“Why, He saved me from the wrath to come by dying that cruel death on the cross, and you know we shall have to pass through this, meaning the ‘Valley of the shadow of death.’” By the bye, did you ever notice, my reader, it is called in that Psalm, the 23rd, “The valley of the shadow of death,” — the shadow — not the substance. That blessed Jesus, whom that dear woman called a wonder, and He is a wonder (“His name shall be called Wonderful”) (Is. 9:6), HE went through the substance, and left only “the shadow” for the believer.

“But,” said the visitor, to comfort her, “think what the word says, ‘When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee’” (Is. 43:2).

“No! they can never flow over me; HE IS TOO BIG FOR THEM; and though I have Jesus, I shall not take Him away: every one else can have Him: I have prayed for my children and husband all night.”

She soon after passed away to be with that Saviour who loved her and gave Himself for her, and the dear woman who told me the above said it so brought to her mind that verse of a hymn—

“HE breaks the power of cancelled sin,

HE sets the captive free;

His blood can make the vilest clean,

His blood availed for ME!”

Can you say this, dear reader, “His blood availed for ME? Sinner, though I am of the deepest dye, yet, because God. says, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from ALL sin,’ I believe it, and know all my guilt has been put away by that crimson tide.” If not, why not?

Had it been left to you or to me to put a right value on the work of Christ, or upon His precious blood, then one might doubt, and rightly so; but from the moment that God said to Moses, in Exodus 12:13, “When I see the blood, I will pass over you,” until, through the apostle John, He

writes about that precious blood cleansing from ALL sin, all 'through the Bible, it is what He, the Holy God, thinks of that blood, not what I estimate it at.

Other expressions of dying believers come before me, while thinking of what the poor woman alluded to above said.

It was about September, four years ago, as an aged sufferer saw the waggons pass her window, carrying home the last sheaves, and hearing the reapers and gleaners rejoicing, and crying out "Largesse! Largesse!" as they do in the Eastern counties, she exclaimed, almost garnered herself, "OH, THIS IS MY HARVEST HOME," — yes, a ripe shock of wheat, indeed, only waiting for the summons to enter His barn (Matt. 13:30).

Another says, "Tis always peace, but sometimes positive joy, when I think of that incomparable moment when I shall be with Him."

One need not ask who that "Him" is; not two "Hims" at such a moment; the One who saved the all absorbing object. Like Mary in the 20th John, when asked by the very one she was yearning after, in the 15th verse, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" she replied, "If thou have borne mm hence, tell me where thou hast laid HIM, and I will take HIM away"— three "Hims" in one verse — there was but one HIM to her at that moment though. May your heart and mine, my friend, know now what it is to, have something of Mary's spirit. It was not to get seven devils cast out of her, we find her hanging about the tomb, but she wanted the One who had done it.

One more. "Good-bye, He is with me, and I shall soon be with Him."

Dear reader, do see to it. There was no crying for mercy at the last moment, when perhaps too late; there was no talking in either of the four instances I have named of their making their peace with God, as one often bears. No, they knew peace had been made by the blood of His cross (Col. 1:20), and that having taken God at His word, they had peace, having been justified (Rom. 5:1), and were just waiting the word to go up higher. Let me ask you, had that summons come for you last night, now, would it have found you exclaiming "My Jesus is a wonder," longing for your "harvest home," looking forward to the "incomparable moment when I shall be with Him," taking leave of surrounding friends, with "Good-bye. He is with me, and I shall soon be with Him;" or, "Too late, too late; Lord have mercy upon me." God forbid the latter. It is not too late now, if you accept His again offered mercy, for He says, "Now is the accepted time." Do accept and not be lost. "Why will ye die?" when Jesus has died for just such sinners as you and I. S. V. H.

A Word for the New Year

A HAPPY New Year! Such is the greeting many will receive at the commencement of this month. The old year has passed and gone—we lay aside its burdens and cares — its fleeting pleasures and passing joys. A new era is entered on — new plans are made — new resolves formed.

Friends gather round and say, “A Happy New Year to you,” and all bids fair to be bright. But in the midst of all there comes a voice saying, “Is it well with thee? “It may be well with thee as regards this life — you may be surrounded by all you desire. Kind friends, a good home, ample means, dutiful children, a prosperous business, and all else you want, but the voice still says, “Is it well with thee?” It may be well for time, but is it well for Eternity? Have you thought only on this life, and had no care for the welfare of your soul? Have you been living only for time, and having no thought of or regard for Eternity? If so, you cannot say, “It is well.”

Oh, dear reader, I exhort you to be careless no longer. Think now upon your sins — remember now that you have to meet God — the Holy God — and while yet it is the day of His grace “Repent ye and believe the gospel.”

God knows all about you — your manner of life — your many sins; but yet He loves you with an “everlasting love.” He has proved that love in the gift of His only begotten Son; and the Lord Jesus has died, that sinners “dead in trespasses and sins” might live. And now from the glory He speaks to you and beckons you to Him. “Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11:28), are His words. Do start this New Year with Him as your Saviour! Do respond to His loving call! Prove now the efficacy of His precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin, and know that it is well with thee for time and for eternity; so shall you be able to say, “Happy New Year, Jesus is mine, and I am His!”

“Oh! let thy years be spent,

Thy life to Me be given,

Time’s fetters all be rent,

Then endless life in heaven.

Leave thou thy worthless all,

Follow the Saviour’s call.”

P. H. B.

“Call Him Victor.”

THIRTY-TWO years are not long to have lived in this world, and it seems hard to leave it sometimes, when loved ones have to be left behind.

Mrs. W. was a young wife and mother; her babe was but seven days old, when she was called upon to leave this world.

For a month prior to her departure, her confidence in Christ had been unshaken; she had felt the comfort of the promises, and “knew in Whom she had believed.” But a short time before her death the tempter came, and tried to undermine her faith and trust in Jesus. He spoke to her of money, dress, pleasure, health, &c., and promised her all these things if she would give up her Saviour.

It was a terrible conflict; she was young, and there was much on earth that she could cling to. A profuse perspiration bedewed her, and her heart throbbed painfully with the agony of the strife. But she conquered; by the grace of God she was victorious. She steadfastly refused all the overtures of Satan, and the cloud passed away from her heart, and left her rejoicing in the radiance of her Saviour’s love.

And now she asked the nurse to fetch her baby. It was brought to her. She kissed the child, then turning to her husband, said, “Frank, call him VICTOR, for I have just obtained the victory through the blood.”

And then she passed peacefully into the presence of her Lord.

Happy mother thus to be able to surrender all for Jesus.

Reader! Are you saved? Do you know what it is to have your sins forgiven? Have you a Saviour at God’s right hand in glory? Will you, by faith in Jesus’ precious blood shed upon the cross for sinners, share in the triumphs of the Crucified for all eternity?

The world is passing away; eternity is drawing near; we have begun another year; shall we see the end of it? Have faith in Jesus now, and then, like the dear woman of this narrative, you will obtain the victory over sin and Satan through the blood of the Lamb.

How can I Prepare to Meet God?

Do you say, "How can I prepare to meet God? How can I be ready to stand before a holy God? I am a sinner; you cannot know how many sins I have committed; I dare not think of God. He is holy, and I am guilty, lost, and undone. How can I prepare to meet Him?" Well, sinner, the voice from the word of God says to you, "Prepare to meet thy God." Let us look a little at the preparation needed.

The Psalmist says, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." God will accept from you, my reader, the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart. Tell God, in His presence now, that you are sorry for your sins; own before Him that you are a sinner. Have no reserves with God. Tell out the story of your sins to Him at once. Will He listen, do you say? Yes. He says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Lay on the altar the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart.

How did the leper prepare to meet Jesus? He owned his condition, and acknowledged the power of Christ to cleanse him. You with the leprosy of sin upon you, own it before God; prepare to meet Him with the truth of your condition upon your heart, and believe in His willingness to bless. How did Bartimaeus come to Jesus? He did not try to make the best of his blindness, but cried, "Jesus, Thou. Son of David, have mercy on me." He knew all the truth about his condition, and the Son of God blessed him as he was. And you, if you feel that you are blind to happiness and peace, ask the Lord to open your blind eyes, and to give you to see Himself your Saviour. Christ says to Bartimaeus, after he had cried to Him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" The blind man knew his want, and asked to see, and Christ gave him sight. And it is true that Jesus says to one and all, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" If you are anxious to be saved, tell Him so, and He will save you now. Prepare to meet Him, with the want upon your heart, and the faith there, so that He can give you all you need. How did the man in the temple prepare to meet God? Not by works of human righteousness. No. He smote upon his breast and cried in shame and agony before his God, "God be merciful to me a sinner." How then can you prepare to meet a holy God? By coming as a sinner. This is your only plea, "To take the guilty sinner's name, the guilty sinner's Saviour claim." Will you do this now? God accepted that man's sacrifice, and he went home justified. And if you offer the sacrifice of a broken and a contrite heart, you will be accepted also. Are you going to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" Will you? Do you feel that between you and a holy God there is sin? Then ask God to be merciful to you. Do it now; do not wait longer. Heaven stoops to listen to your cry. The eyes of God are on you; the ears of God are open; the heart of God beats for the sinner; the arms of God are stretched towards you; and the voice of God says, 'Come.' What will you do? What is that trembling on your lips? The cry of penitence? What is that shining in your eyes? The tear of anxiety on account of sin? Oh! my unsaved reader, "Prepare to meet thy God; prepare to meet thy God."

Once more, how did the thief prepare to meet his God? That man was face to face with death and eternity. He had been a guilty sinner all his days, and he was going to meet a holy God. Thoughts like these may have passed through his mind, as he hangs there to die: "I shall soon be in eternity; what shall I do; how can I meet my God?" And then he turns to the Son of God, who was hanging on a cross beside him, and he cries, and the cry came from an earnest, eager heart, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." He lays the wants of his broken and contrite heart upon the altar of his need, and Jesus says, as He accepts the sacrifice, "Today, shalt thou be with me in Paradise." What a thrill of joy must have passed through his heart as he listened to those words!" Today! Yes, this day, I go from this shameful cross to the Paradise of God; from the darkness of death, which is passing before my eyes, I am going to the glories of heaven; from this scene of awful sin and shame, I shall rise to the companionship of the redeemed, and of angels who have never sinned." Yes, he was prepared to meet his God, and faith in Christ had made him ready, and his Saviour's word was his passport to all the joys of an eternity of happiness.

Methinks I hear my reader say, "And what can I bring to God; what will He accept from me?" He will accept your repentance, and your faith, and He will accept that now, this moment. Look at the Old Testament for a moment. How did Abel prepare to meet God? He brought the blood of a slain lamb, and God accepted the sacrifice. You plead the blood of Christ, shed for sinners, and God will accept that. Tell God you are a vile and lost sinner, that you cannot save yourself, but you do trust in the precious blood shed on Calvary for sinners. Tell God that He has said when He sees the blood He will pass over you, and that you do seek the shelter of that atoning blood. Yes, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and it will avail for you the very instant you put your trust in it. The blood of Jesus cleanseth me the moment I believe.

Reader! I bid you prepare to meet your God. By the terrors of death I bid you prepare. By the terrors of the Great White Throne I bid you prepare. Prepare, prepare to meet thy God. I was talking to a dear Christian in London one day last week, and he told me the words that first made him think about his soul. They were these, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." These solemn and weighty words went home to his heart. He felt he was not prepared to meet his God. Are you?

“I Suppose I Must Go, Sir?”

THESE words were uttered in my hearing by a man of seventy-two, who lay very ill, and whom all knew to be near his end. I had been speaking to him of the Saviour, and asking him if he were ready for eternity, and these were his first words to me in answer, “I suppose I must go, Sir?”

Did he cling to life, still? His hair was grey, and his cheeks were furrowed by the plough of time. Around his bed stood his weeping children, all anxious that he should leave a testimony behind him of faith in Jesus.

He owned he was a sinner, and that Christ had died for him, and we have every reason to believe that he did trust in Jesus.

But it was his question that struck me, and I dare say my reader if brought face to face with the realities of eternity would say, “I suppose I must go.” Yes, you will have to go. Pleasure seeker! you will have to go. Miser! you will have to go. Man of ambition! you will have to go. Man of learning! you will have to go. Religious man or woman! you will have to go. Drunkard, blasphemer, whoever you are! you will have to go. These passing years tell us we have to go. Where is 1887 now? Gone into the eternity of the past. We have begun another year, and it will move on with its hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and you, if you are spared, will move on with it to eternity.

But by and bye, your last year will come, and then time will go on without you, and you will be in eternity. Are you ready for eternity? Reader, stop and think; you have to go, you know; WHERE ARE YOU GOING? Put your foot down and face the question now; say as you think it over, “I have to go; where am I going?” And then, if you do not know the way to heaven, come to Jesus, and He will take you, for He is the Way.

Beyond the Years

Paths of Life my feet are treading,
Lead me to the rest above;
And I see the goal before me,
Shining with eternal love.
Earth! no more thy scenes detain me,
There's my rest, and there's my prize;
Scenes of rare and radiant splendour,
All invite me to the skies.
Christ is there! my Saviour's presence,
Bids my throbbing heart rejoice;
Soon to see Him, soon to meet Him,
Stand before Him, hear His voice.
Speed my feet, nor dream of resting,
Far from Him on desert sands;
Press towards the golden pathway,
Soon shall greet the angel bands.
Soon mine ears shall hear the singing,
Of that City grand and fair;
Soon I shall in white adore Him,
Loved, revered, and worshipped there.
Yes, my heart, 'twill soon be over,
All the strife and all the pain;
All the sin, and all the sorrow,
Never to be known again.
Come, my Lord, yes, come, Lord Jesus,
As I stretch my hands to Thee,

Broadens out the goal before me,
Love, and love's eternity.

The Saviour

READER! look with me at Luke's Gospel, the 1st chapter and the 35th verse. There we read, "That Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

And in the Gospel of Matthew, the 1st chapter and 21st verse, we read, "And thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins." And again in the 2nd chapter of Luke, and the 10th verse, we get these words, "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a SAVIOUR, which is Christ the Lord."

Have you ever thought why the SON OF GOD became a man, and why was given to Him the name of Jesus, which means SAVIOUR?

In Romans 3:23, it tells us, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Yes, and because all have sinned, we need a SAVIOUR, one able to save; and this Jesus "is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7:25).

What a beautiful title Saviour is! You see if we were not lost, we should not need a Saviour, but because we are all lost, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

What you want as a sinner to see is, that you are really lost, and in that condition cannot come into God's presence but to be judged and cast into hell, to be there forever with the devil and his angels. And when we find out in God's presence that we as sinners deserve death and judgment, then the word comes to us, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Christ bore the punishment from the hand of God that was due to us. Thus He saves all who receive Him as their Saviour.

Sinner, accept the SAVIOUR now as your SAVIOUR believe He died in your stead, and heaven will be your home, and God will be your Father, and He will lead you all the way home.

This, dear sinner, is the reason why the Son of God became the Son of Man, that God might be glorified and that sinners might be saved.

"FOR THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN, WHEREBY WE MUST BE SAVED" (Acts. 4:12). M.A.

The Scorer's Doom

“He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy” (Prov. 29:1).

WHO has not heard of, if not seen, the fulfilment of the above Scripture in the case of one and another who once lived near, or walked amongst us? Have you my reader? If so, have you regarded God's warning? or, are you pursuing the same course to the same sad end?

Oh! stop, I beseech you, and listen to the voice of warning once more uttered from the grave of an aged sceptic, and from the waters which engulfed a young one!

They both lived in the same city, and in the same house (though not at the same time), and were both spoken to, again and again, by the same Christian friend.

They were both intelligent, educated men; but what did that avail them, since they rejected God and His word?

The aged man, the last time his friend appealed to him about the danger he was in, and the importance of seeking salvation now, turned away with a growl and an oath, saying, “I should like to slip out of the world unknown to anybody!”

Not long after, upon rising one morning from his bed, he suddenly dropped down, and was gone — but whither?

The young man, morally upright and amiable, and well satisfied with himself, would not listen to God's word in fact, avowed his disbelief of it.

One Lord's day afternoon, as he was walking by the river, his Christian friend overtook him, and once more spoke earnestly to him about the eternity before us. He turned towards him with a derisive laugh, and said,

“Mr. B —, you may depend upon it there is no hereafter, and when a man is dead, he's done with.” His friend replied,

“Mr. C—, if there is no hereafter, you will not have me to laugh at; but if there is, where will you be?”

It was his last opportunity, and he wilfully cast it away. The following morning, while bathing in the same river, he was drowned! Alas! how soon to find that death is not the end of a man — that “after this” is “the judgment!”

Yes, dear reader, the day is coming when the sea must give up the dead which are in it, and death and hades must deliver up the dead. which are in them; and “the dead, small and great, will stand before God,” and the books will be opened! O, what a scene!

Shall you stand there? If you do, “the lake of fire” must be your portion, for judgment will be passed according to men’s works (Rev. 20:11-15). In vain will be any appeal to Him who sits upon that “Great White Throne.” No mercy then, but strict, impartial justice!

There will be no escape then, but there is now “Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.”

“Hark! the voice of love and mercy,

Sounds aloud from Calvary.”

Will you not listen to the gracious invitation of that loving Saviour, “Come unto me!” Oh! turn to God, confess your lost, ruined condition, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who bore on that cross the judgment due to sin, that such as you and I might find pardon and eternal life; for He Himself has said, “He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life” (John 5:24). Then may you joyfully sing: —

“There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,

The torment and the fire, my eyes shall never see:

My heart in joy upleapeth, grief cannot linger there,

She singeth high in glory, amidst the sunshine fair;

The Sun that shines upon me, is Jesus and His love;

The fountain of my singing, is deep in heaven above.”

P.

Can a Christian ever be Lost?

I ASK the question, who is a Christian? And the answer comes — One who is a possessor of the new birth; one who has passed from death into life, from darkness into light. One whose name is written in heaven, and whose sins have been blotted out by the precious blood of Jesus. One who can call Christ Saviour, and God Father; one who has the Holy Spirit dwelling in Him. One who is seated in heavenly places in Christ; who is accepted in the Beloved. One who knows the voice of the Good Shepherd, and has had bestowed upon him eternal life. One who is held in the hand that holds the world. Can such an one be lost? No, ten thousand times, no. As long as God is the living God, so long will those who are in His hand be secure. As long as Christ is a living Saviour, so long will those who are redeemed by His blood be safe. Look at these things simply now.

“I give unto them eternal life.”

How can eternal life be anything but eternal? If once I am possessor of eternal life, how can I ever lose it? “I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.” Can you believe them? Do you believe them? You remember what the child said, who had trusted in Jesus, when someone asked her if she thought she could ever be lost? Her answer was, “Not while the tenth of John is in the Bible.” She did not say, “Not as long as I keep happy: not so long as I do what is right.” She took her stand upon the testimony of the Word of God, that endureth forever. She looked beyond herself altogether. He had given the word, and she believed it. It was this simple trust of hers that kept her happy. This eternal life is a gift from God. “The gift of God is eternal life.” Is it likely that God will ever take back what He has once given? You would not like to do such a thing, and will God do it? No, eternal life is mine forever the moment I believe in Jesus, the moment I am “born again” I am as sure of heaven as if I was there.

“After Many Days.”

HAVING been asked to address a Sunday School at its yearly meeting, I occupied a place on the platform, and heard the reports read by the secretary and treasurer. In these reference was made to the sums of money collected by the various classes, and also by some of the senior scholars. One girl especially had collected an extraordinary amount, and was called forward to the platform to be seen and to be thanked by the chairman for her assiduity in collecting money for the Lord's cause in heathen lands.

At the close of the meeting while she still remained near me on the platform, I took occasion to slip over to her and lay my hand on her shoulder.

“Annie,” I said (for her name had been often repeated during the evening, and although she was a perfect stranger to me till now, I felt I could use it for my Master's sake), “I was gratified to hear of your having collected so much money, and I suppose it was done for the sake of the Lord Jesus, who did so much for us.”

The “yes” was somewhat awkwardly given in reply, making me feel that she was not quite sure of this, and therefore I asked her, “Will Christ be satisfied with our pence and shillings, or even with our pounds? Annie, is that all He wants from us?”

“No,” she replied.

“What more does He ask?”

“Our hearts,” was the whispered answer.

“And have you given Him your heart, my dear child,” I asked?

Down went the head, and slowly fell the tears from Annie's eyes, the only answer she could give apparently; I knew it meant, no. And I thought it meant I wish I had, so drawing her gently to me, I whispered, “Annie, Jesus comes to you and says, ‘My daughter, give me thine heart,’ and you have been, I fear, paying Him off with money, and saying, ‘Take my coppers, my shillings, my pounds; I will give you all these, but my heart I will not give.’ All is worthless, my child, till you yield your heart to Him; then anything, everything you do or give will be very precious, because of your love and obedience.”

The heaving of her troubled breast and the sad question depicted in her face, told me that she was deeply anxious to have the matter settled, and I said so.

“I feel sure,” I said, “that if you could see Jesus here beside you tonight, and could hear Him say, ‘Annie, will you give me your heart,’ you would instantly bid Him take it, would you not, my child?”

“Oh, yes,” she almost sobbed out, “I do so wish to love Jesus and to give Him my heart.”

And I asked, "Doesn't He wish to have it, doesn't He wish to put His big, loving, everlasting arms round you tonight, and rejoice that He has found the sheep that was lost. That He loved and sought and shed His precious blood for, and only found tonight?"

Little more could be said, for the meeting was dismissing and we were now among the last, so I had to say good night, and she was soon mixing with her young companions, who would have many things to speak about, but most likely nothing to help a heart which had been touched.

I feared the impression might pass away, that her heart might harden up against Christ, even after all this momentary softening, but she could not be the same again, she must from thenceforth be a Christian, or a rejector of Christ. Many a time had more been said and done without any real results, why should I hope that Annie should be saved tonight; such were my thoughts as I saw her hastily wipe away the last traces of tears and, joining her friends, pass out. I knew nothing of her but her name, and even it soon dropped out of my memory, but I trusted that it would be written in Heaven, by Jesus, who would not fail to remember it.

Five or six years after this meeting, I was walking on a Sunday evening in company with a well-known and highly respected Sunday School teacher and superintendent to a large prayer meeting of teachers, and as we came to the door of the Hall we met a young lady. My friend turned to me and said,

"May I introduce my sister to you; she wishes to make your acquaintance."

I replied that I would be happy to make hers, and shaking hands with her, I said,

"I have long known your brother, but have never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"We have met before," she said, "although you may have forgotten it."

"Indeed," I asked; "when was that?"

"A few years ago," she answered; "do you not remember speaking to a Sunday scholar about not paying Jesus off with coppers, or silver, or gold, but giving Him her heart."

"Yes," I said, "I do remember; it was in M —School."

"I am Annie," she said; "I wanted to thank you for that word."

Then I said, "I need not ask if you are now the Lord's."

"I gave Jesus my heart then," she said, "and I have loved Him and labored for Him ever since."

The meeting was begun, and we were compelled to drop the conversation, but my heart was greatly cheered to find the scholar now a teacher, and her heart evidently the Lord's forever.

Strangely enough Annie's family left the city and removed to a distance, so that I was never able to enjoy a friendship which I could have desired and which I knew she would have enjoyed, but God had other work and another sphere for His beloved child.

Years passed, and I only occasionally heard of her, but was cheered to hear of her life and service for the Lord.

One day, about five years after my second meeting with her, I met a mutual friend, who mentioned to my surprise that she had been very poorly, and was advised by the country doctor to come into the city hospital, in the hope that something might be done for her. I took a note of the ward, and intended to visit her on the first opportunity.

It was Sunday afternoon; I had been visiting some sailors in the male wards, and afterwards crossed the building and ascended to Annie's ward, which I knew well, and where I was well known, having been a not unfrequent visitor. Although I had not seen her for a lengthened period, I did not doubt but that I would be able to recognize her, and passing into the ward, I looked around at each of the occupants, but in none of the beds could I see any one whom I could fancy to be my friend. The nurse from her inner room observed me, and came forward to ask if I wanted any one.

"Yes," I said, "I was told that Annie — was in this ward."

"So she was," replied the nurse; "that is her bed," pointing to an unoccupied one, "but she is gone."

I looked into her face, and the tears that filled her eyes gave me the rest of the unfinished sentence.

"What!" I said, "surely not dead? "

"Yes; only a little while ago she was carried down stairs."

I could not speak, for my voice failed me, but the nurse saw that I wished to hear more about Annie, and she said, "You need not grieve for her, for she died a happy death, but we shall miss her sorely, she was so kind to all in the ward, and while she was able she read and spoke to them, so that we were all attached to her; she was indeed a thorough Christian, and has gone to her reward."

A few more particulars of her latest moments this kind Christian nurse gave me, and I felt that I might rest assured that when the Lord Jesus returned, Annie, as one of those who slept in Him, would be with Him. J. S.

The Christian's Standing

OUR standing in the presence of God is in virtue of the work of Christ, and according to the riches of God's grace; and, as these can never fail, we can never lose the place they give. Besides, it is, "to the praise of the glory of His grace" that we are there. But though we may be deeply conscious of failure as Christians, we should never take the ground of poor unpardoned sinners before God. This would be to deny our calling, and to bring darkness, confusion, and weakness into our souls. God says we are before Him as His children, pardoned and accepted in the Beloved. We are no longer on the ground of sinners before God, but as children before the Father. In conversion the ground is changed. When born of God, we cease to be on the ground of sinners before Him, and are ever after on the ground of children in the family. True, we do not cease to be sinners, in the sense that we sin daily and hourly in thought, word, and deed. The thought of foolishness is sin; and who is not troubled with foolish thoughts? But we are to confess our faults as children before the Father, and not as sinners before God. In faithfulness to God and His word we ought to maintain the ground on which He has set us. Not, of course, that the sin of the child is any the less, but, on the contrary, more grievous, for it is against more light, love, and grace. And, rest assured, the better we understand our calling in Christ, the deeper will be our humiliation on account of failure, and the more unreserved our confession of it. True holiness should characterize the children of God. As it is written, "Be ye holy; for I am holy." Or, in other words, the Christian's state should always answer to his standing. When it is not so, there is too good reason for humiliation and confession. The question, you will see, is not that the Christian is any better in himself than he ever was, but that his position is changed. His standing before God is no longer in the first Adam, but in the last Adam — the risen Christ. And he is expected to walk even as Christ walked. "He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk, even as He walked." Indeed, the scriptures speak of the Christian as if it were just possible for him to sin. "If," the Apostle John says, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." The possibility of sinning is barely admitted. Such is the dignified manner of scripture, when speaking of the children of God: though, when speaking of our old nature, it affirms there is no good thing in it. And it is worthy of notice that he does not say, "If any man repent and pray for pardon, he will be forgiven;" but, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Nevertheless, we ought to repent, and repent deeply, when conscious of failure.

But, in the meantime, Christ sees to our interests in heaven, and the Holy Ghost sees to our interests on earth, so that we are well cared for; adored be the goodness of our God! What a mercy that we are in Christ's hands! How often we may sin and never be conscious of it; but Christ sees it at once, and meets the need in virtue of His blood, so that the sin never reaches the throne of God. All praise be to His blessed name!

The work of Christ has set us as children in the Father's presence, and fitted us to be there; and the advocacy of Christ maintains us holy, and without blame, before Him in love. The Lord give us to be in the intelligence of scripture, and may we stand firm on the great truth, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. A. M.

The Text on the Shroud

WHEN first visited, the subject of the following story was lying on what proved to be, as people say, his dying bed, and although he had made a profession of religion, and had constantly attended a place of worship, read his Bible regularly, and had even visited the sick, his mind was so dark and distressed, that for him there appeared no hope, and these works of his were now but poor props on which his never dying soul could rest.

Being visited, as above named, the Word of God was brought before him, several passages being read, one from John 5:24, "He that heareth My word," etc., which was particularly pressed upon him, showing him that if all his works could give him no peace, the words of Christ might be rested on, as they were uttered by one who never failed to make good His word.

After a little more conversation his visitor left him, and on seeing him a few days after, found him full of joy, and light, and peace.

He then told his own story.

When he was left alone after the first visit, his mind became darker than ever. Satan assailed him on all points; his profession and good works were but to him so many "filthy rags," or they sunk into a terrible nothingness, giving him not the slightest foothold by which he could stand before God, and the future before him gave forth no light. For several hours this darkness, like a "gloomy cloud," hung over his soul, when God in His grace brought His own truth before him, and that verse (John 5:24) was the channel of blessing to his soul. He had heard the word, he did. believe on Him who had sent Christ, he knew from it he then and there possessed eternal life, and he should not come into condemnation, because he had passed from death unto life.

John 5:24 was now his constant joy. He spoke to his relatives and friends who visited him, telling them of the goodness of God, and of the peace he was a partaker of through Christ Jesus. He now rested upon the word and work of Another, and his own merits went to the winds.

So great was his confidence in the Word of God, that a few days before he passed away he expressed a desire that the verse above quoted from John might be cut out and fastened to his breast as he lay in his coffin, that others too might read and be brought to know God's love to the sinner.

If one should read this simple story who is resting on his own works or his morality before God, for acceptance in His presence, just look for a moment at the words of the Lord to the Pharisees in Matt. 9:13, "But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice; for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Let not some say either "when I have a more convenient season" (a thing which may never come), but listen to that solemn word which God has caused to be written, "Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation." Tomorrow is the Devil's day. "Today" is God's. Sinner, which will you choose?

E. J. K.

The Test of Christianity

The test of Christianity is, Do I love Christ? Can I, like Mary, pour all I have upon my Saviour's feet? Or Judas-like, do I grudge Christ the love of my heart, and the service of my days. How much do you love Christ? Do you love him well enough to give Him your health, your time, your talents, your life? Can you be worn and weary for love of Christ? Or being reproached and buffeted for His sake count it joy? I say a man loves Christ when he leaves home and friends for His sake. A man loves Christ when he spends his time, and money, and health, trying to win souls for Him. A man loves Christ, who will not deny His name or allow Him to be blasphemed in his presence, who treads this earth in communion with the skies.

The Maharanee's Confession

"WHAT was it gave you peace with God?" said Lady B—, to a fragile, gentle looking person, whose olive complexion, dark eyes, and hair of raven hue, betokened her to be a daughter of the East, but through grace a child of God. When a girl — and indeed she seemed little more than this at the time I allude to, some twenty-two years ago — she had heard of Jesus and believed in His peerless name, at a mission school in Egypt, where afterwards as a teacher in the same school she was employed to convey to others the truth she had learned for herself.

While thus engaged she was seen by an Eastern Prince, who then took an interest in mission work, having professed himself to have believed in Jesus, and who happening to visit the school on his way to the Punjab, to perform the last rites as to the ashes of his mother, who died in this country, proposed for and eventually married her.

The time that I speak of the school girl had become a mother, and was then sorrowing for the loss of her first-born. Dressed in deep mourning, she was sitting with her lady attendant, who was also instructed in our tongue, when their hostess, Lady B—, put the question,

"What was it, Maharanee, gave you peace with God?"

Never have, can, or shall, I forget the reply in gentle but firm accents, in what we should call broken English, but in unmistakable language, as to Him who had revealed Himself to her as her Saviour, in the far off land of the Pharaohs.

"When I saw in the Bible GOD'S LOVE—IN GIVING HIS SON—TO DIE—FOR SINNERS."

The sentence seems disjointed as I have written it, but thus it was uttered; and oh! what links in that grand chain stretching down from the heart of God to such guilty ones as you and I are, my reader. "By nature and by practice vile," as the hymn says.

Just lately, not many weeks since, this gentle creature, through her marriage a Princess, has been called home, and is "forever with the Lord"— with Him she learned to love, as a young girl, in that American Presbyterian mission school, and reunited to that babe she was sorrowing for at the time I recall, else perhaps I had not written these lines, though often have I recounted the circumstance and confession as one of the clearest, simplest, and most concise it has ever been my privilege to hear.

And now, my reader, can you make such a confession this very moment? For there was no hesitancy, no "hoping," no "intending," or "trying," with her Highness, but at once was spoken out what I have written. Ah! "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The question was simple yet pointed; it was not evaded, as alas! often it is; or some such reply as this given, "Oh! that is between my own soul and God;" or, "You are too personal;" or again, "I don't believe anyone can know for certain about this peace with God you talk about." No, indeed, but at once answered in the same spirit in which it was put, "God's love — in giving His Son — to

die — for sinners.”

The Maharanee had in this answer put forth the pith of the gospel, from source to object, from God’s heart of love to the sinner in his distance and alienation from God.

The source — “God’s love” — the starting point of all His dealings with His creature — man.

Then, what that love led Him to do. “GIVING HIS SON.” Yes, God both loves and gives, and gives because He loves, as that unfathomable verse, John 3:16, puts it, “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.” No one asked Him. Who would have dreamt of such a thing as the Holy God giving His Son. No, indeed, but He has done it out of His own heart of love to man.

But ere this love could be righteously gratified, for God is just), as well as loving, and none of His attributes can clash, He, as He only could, and in that way alone by which He could do it, has been “just and Justifier” (Rom. 3:26), by doing what is shadowed forth in the 85th Psalm, 10th verse, “Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other;” and carried out at Calvary when His Christ uttered that cry, “My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me.” As the Maharanee said, “TO DIE.” Here was “the woman’s seed” bruising the serpent’s head (Gen. 3:15). Here was God being “just,” that He might be “the Justifier.”

The question was about “peace with God.” Have you ever noticed, clear friend, that this “peace with God” is always connected with the “righteousness,” the “justice,” of God, for they are one and the same word; not His love, compassion, grace, or mercy even, but His justice.

What a foundation for peace to rest upon!

“Peace with a HOLY God,

Sweet peace the fruit of faith.”

And how has this terrible (to the sinner), attribute of God, “justice,” been met? By Himself providing this Sacrifice and Substitute, as Romans 3 teaches. This believed in, God is able to become “the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus,” having been “just,” for He hath laid upon that same Jesus, iniquity, not, “I lay my sins on Jesus.” He, HE has done it, who knows them all, and it “has pleased Jehovah to bruise Him” (Isa. 53:10). Hence that cry of cries, “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,” wrung from the Holy soul of Him, who though without sin was made “sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5:21), who do believe. How wonderful! “The righteousness of God,” and God righteous in doing it. Not what is called the “imputed righteousness of Christ,” but HIMSELF made so to the believer. “Wisdom, and RIGHTEOUSNESS, and sanctification, and redemption” (1 Cor. 1:30).

Well, we have had three links in that chain, as I call it, from the heart of God. God’s love in giving His Son — to die — but who for? What sort of people?

Ah! that is what comes home to my soul. I don’t know how it affects yours, my reader. “For SINNERS.” That is it, that is the class the work of Christ avails for. Are You one of that sort? for only for such the word declares did Jesus come “to die,” not for the good, if you could find them. “There is none that doeth good, no, not one” (Rom. 3:12). For religious people, or for the elect, as such, no, but “for SINNERS,” aye, and for “YET SINNERS” (Rom. 5:8). For “just as I am” sinners,

for “the ungodly” and “without strength” (verse 6), for “enemies” (verse 10). What a list, “UNGODLY,” “SINNERS,” “ENEMIES.” Are you not all these three combined in one person? Indeed you are. May God by His Spirit skew it to you, my friend as He did unto Agur in Proverbs 30:2, 3, that you may say of yourself, “Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy;” and like Asaph, in the 73rd Psalm, which one alluded to a little time back, “So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before THEE.” When you have arrived at that, if you have not yet, you will rejoice. “It was for SINNERS Jesus died.”

I remember speaking to an old woman as to this, till stirred by her many objections to receiving the truth then and there, I exclaimed, “Well, Mrs. B—, I am very glad it does not say in the Bible that Jesus died for S. V. H.”

“Indeed,” said she, “I wish I could see that Jesus died for Mrs. B —.”

“Then how would you know that it meant YOU?” I replied; “there may be fifty Mrs. B.’s in this very town, and ever so many in Australia, and a lot in America; how would you be sure that you were the Mrs. B—.”

“No, no, I read, He died for sinners; that hits me off; for the ‘ungodly — He came to seek and to save the LOST.’ There I am to a T—, and that is why I know He died for ME) and that I have been bought and saved.”

It is so simple, dear reader, the way has been made so plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. “Though a fool,” mark you; cannot you see it for yourself? I cannot see it for you.

Do take God at His word, be the little child, set to your seal that God is true, and then you will be able to say with that gentle lady, who is now with Christ, “I have peace with God,” because I see from His word; not because I feel it, or hope about it, but because I read in the Bible, and believe it, **GOD’S LOVE IN GIVING HIS SON TO DIE FOR SINNERS.**

Why not? That chain starting from the heart of God is long enough, and strong enough, to reach you, if you are the sinner. Then not twenty-two years, or twenty-two millions of years, will efface from your memory that fact, **GOD’S LOVE IN GIVING HIS SON TO DIE FOR SINNERS.** May she, being dead, yet speak, and that to YOUR soul, and not rise up in judgment against you, for Christ’s sake. S. V. H.

“Mene.”

“MENE — numbered and finished!” Is that true of you? The days of the past year are numbered and finished, and so, perhaps, are yours.

More than two thousand years have rolled by since that night when the King of kings wrote on the palace wall the death-sentence of the impious Chaldean monarch; more than two thousand years have rolled by since the terror-filled eyes of Belshazzar were fixed on that dread word of doom, “Mene—God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it;” generation has succeeded generation, dynasty overthrown dynasty since that dark night when human hands unwittingly carried out the divine decree, and Belshazzar’s kingdom and life alike were ended. Yet now, as you have crossed the threshold of the year 1888, beware lest God addresses to you a like word of warning.

You have no kingdom, but you have a life to be numbered and finished. God has preserved that life for twenty, thirty, perhaps seventy or eighty years, but He has numbered each day of it, and this may be the last.

Does this New Year find you one of Christ’s redeemed ones, one of those whose very hairs are numbered by a loving Father’s eye; or does it find you still afar from Him, one whose earthly days are numbered, on whose brow are written the awful words, “condemned already?”

Yes, ponder those words, “condemned already,” “numbered and finished!” Better realize your position now, while there is hope of escaping from it, than brood over it in hell, when it is for ever too late.

Condemned, but the sentence not yet carried out; numbered, but still a moment — the present moment — ere the thread of life is snapped. Yes, only this present moment can you call your own; then this moment accept the reprieve which the Judge Himself holds out to you; this moment turn your back upon those years of sin and folly, and your face toward Him who has seen and numbered them, and yet is waiting to be gracious to you. Perhaps over you the divine decree has been pronounced, “This night thy soul shall be required of thee.” Many more years may be your portion, or the end may come this night. In either case why not be ready?

To you, a condemned criminal, a free pardon is held out; to you, whose days on earth are numbered, life eternal is offered; what are you going to do with the offer?

O, dear friend! do not spurn the pardon; do not refuse eternal life, lest it be never offered you again. Once more, at the beginning of another year, listen to the warning voice: “Mene — numbered and finished!”

C. H. P.

Is Your Soul Saved?

MY reader! what is your answer to this question, this all-important question? Is your soul saved? Have you been born again? Are you one of Christ's sheep? Don't deceive yourself. Tell me, have you eternal life? If you were to die this moment, are you sure of heaven? If Christ were to come, would you rise to meet Him? Do you remember the time when you were born again? Do you remember when first you knew that your sins were forgiven? Let there be no more professions now, no shams. If you are saved, you have the witness within, and what is within must come out; if you are merely a professor, you are trying to witness without, when all is dead within. A light that burns outside a lamp will be put out with the first gust of wind. And so the dim light of profession will be put out by the breath of persecution, or of death. But when the light is within, then it is kept and guarded by the God that put it there. It is a sacred fire that will never be extinguished; a light of God, that will burn with ever increasing brightness as it is fanned by the breath of faith. Then do be real this moment, my reader. Tell God exactly what you are. If you are saved, tell God so with lips of praise; if you are not, tell Him with lips of penitence.

“I Know I’m Going to Heaven.”

DURING the summer of the year 1887, I became acquainted with a man whose employment led him constantly into public houses, and, as a result, he became addicted to strong drink; he rarely spoke without swearing, in fact, it had become quite a habit, with him, and although he had a rough exterior, he was really a kind hearted man. “No one’s enemy but his own” — a photograph of tens of thousands. Is it a photograph of thee, reader?

As the summer waned I saw that a gradual change was coming over him; he began to look worn and tired. When October arrived, with its chilly air, I perceived the change was more marked, and I felt sure that death had selected him as one of its victims. Meeting him one day, I inquired after his health. He said he did not think that he should ever get well again. I spoke to him about his soul; he listened patiently, and then said, “Excuse me, I must go home, I feel so bad.”

I called upon him the following Lord’s day, and found him much weaker, read part of the 3rd chapter of Romans, dwelt especially upon verses 19 and 23, telling him that, as all the world had become guilty before God, for “All had sinned,” that he was included in the “all,” and then prayed that God would open the eyes of his mind, and show him his true condition.

Pressure of business prevented me from seeing him again until the following Saturday, when I received a note from a neighbor, stating that the poor fellow was worse, and wished to see me. I found him very ill. He said, “I’m glad you have come; I have been waiting to see you every day. I was afraid I had offended you.”

I assured him that he had not. He appeared truly penitent, owned what a wicked man he had been, and hoped God would have mercy upon him. I read John 3:14-18, and prayed God that as He had shewn him what a great sinner he had been, He would now be pleased to show him what a great Saviour Jesus was.

The following evening I found him much worse. The hectic flush, the hacking cough, the short but difficult breathing, and the profuse perspiration, all told me that his end was near. I inquired as to his soul’s welfare. He replied,

“I’m not afraid to die now; my blessed Lord has died for me, praise His name, and tho’ I’m not suffering pain, I wish He would come and fetch me.”

We joined together in thanking and praising God for His rich grace to him — a poor, guilty, hell deserving sinner — in saving him in the last hours of his life. I left, to see him again no more on earth, as the next day he passed away. Yes, a convicted sinner on the Saturday, saved and rejoicing in the Lord on the Sunday, and absent from the body and present with the Lord, who had died for him, on the Monday. What a blessed change for him!

Reader, are you able to say from the bottom of your heart, as before God, “I’m not afraid to die?” Yes, you may be able to say that, but can you also say, “My blessed Lord has died for me?” If so, all is well; if not, then remember, “It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.”

Are you prepared to meet that appointment? As sure as you are reading these words, so sure will the time arrive when you will have to leave this world forever, but, where will you spend eternity? It will be either with the Lord in glory, or with Satan the Deceiver and all those he has deceived, in the lake of fire (Rev. 20:10-15). God's love is towards you. He "so loved the world," and that includes you, "that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever," and that includes you, "believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Believe the Word of God, and next, in the work of Christ. Read. John 5:24; Set your foot on that, there is a solid foundation for your faith to rest upon; rest not on your good works, or on your feelings, but on the Word of God, which abideth forever. W. C.

Love and Glory

IN Eph. 2:17, the Apostle Paul refers to “the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory.” The mighty power of God, as displayed in the exaltation of Christ, and of the Christian in Him, is the prominent thought in this prayer, but not the only one. The thought suggested by the expression, “Father of glory,” is sweet to the heart of the child. While we connect the idea of power with the title “God,” affection is inseparably associated with the title “Father.” While meditating in wonder and delight on the bright scene of glory which is before us, the happy thought crosses the mind, “My Father’s love is the spring of all that glory — the fountain of all that perfect blessedness.” He is “the Father of glory.”

Great indeed and wonderful is the effect of God’s power as here seen by the eye of faith. It is called, “the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places.” But who can speak of the happy combination of love and glory? Yet, surely, even the brightest glory is but the outward manifestation of love. Nevertheless they go well together — we would not have them separated; and thank God they never will be: but all will allow that love is the deeper, closer thing. Both will be seen in the millennium. Then the heavens will not be so high above the earth as they now are. They will be, as it were, together. Jacob in vision saw them united as by a ladder, and the many glories encircling the Messiah were seen from earth’s point of view. Then the Church will be seen in company with Christ, according to His own word in John 17. “And the glory which Thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved me.”

Here all is plain as to the future. The glory which the Father gives the Son, the Son gives to us, that the world may know that the Father sent the Son, and that He loves us, as He loves the Son. When the world sees us in the same glory with Christ, it will then know that we are loved with the same love. Wondrous, blessed truth! The soul can only bow in worship, while meditating on the grace that shines in these bright scenes of love and glory.

But what of the Father’s house? Ah! that is the inner circle, the home of love. What is enjoyed there the world can never know. It will see the glory outside the house, but it can never gaze on the family scenes inside. It is the children’s place, and we are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. His word can never be broken. All who are the children of God now will be in the children’s home then.

Oh! who could rest without the full assurance of an eternity of love and glory. Dear reader, is this thy blessed hope? It is surely worthy of all thy thought and attention, and all sacrifices too, even unto life itself, rather than lose that home of love, that eternal glory. One word settles all, “The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on

Him." A. M.

Will Christ Save You?

A MOMENTOUS question this, and one that surely concerns you, my reader.

“But how can I be sure of this,” some may say. Let me show you from the word of God. Here is your PERMISSION to come to Christ, “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” And here is your INVITATION to come, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” And here is an ENTREATY for you to come, “Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.” And here is a COMMAND for one and all of you to come, “This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ.” And here we are told of those who are to be COMPELLED to come, “Go out into the high ways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.” And when you do come, either at the invitation, the entreaty, or the command, you are assured of a RECEPTION at the hand of Christ, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.” Will this satisfy you? Are you convinced of God’s willingness to save you now, and just as you are? May you one and all be prepared to meet your God before the moment come when you have to go into eternity.

Too Bad to Be Flogged

A STRANGE scene in a strange land. Late in the year 1852, a patrol of British troops is on the way up to Basutoland. A man of one of the regiments on this service is tried by court-martial and sentenced to be flogged. He is an utterly useless, worthless fellow, as well as a great scamp. No good as a soldier or comrade, always in scrapes, when most wanted never to be depended upon; and now here he is under sentence of corporal punishment. No one pitied him — “Serve him right” was the judgment of all.

The “punishment parade” is formed up, the “triangles” are rigged, the drummers are ready, and so are the “cats.” The Drum Major is prepared to count the lashes, the medical Officer present to see the prisoner is fit, or otherwise, to undergo the sentence, attention is called, the three sides of a square formed, the Adjutant, at the Colonel’s command, reads the proceedings of the court-martial, the finding, and sentence, which latter includes the “fifty lashes on the bare back.” All is in order, every one present expecting the word for the prisoner to strip, when the commanding Officer’s voice is heard. Often before, and after, too, had it sounded forth to his devoted men: now to rush into the “bush,” now to lie down to escape the Kaffir assegais and rebel “Totties,” (Hottentots) bullets, while he remained on his horse, exposed, unmoved by the storm around him; but this time it is a strange utterance, for he was a strict disciplinarian. Addressing the prisoner, he sternly cutters the sentence, “If I could find but one good point in you I would flog you. Join your company, sir, and redeem your character!”

I don’t know who was most astonished, the culprit or the rest of the regiment; however, so it was.

Parade dismissed, triangles unrigged, drummers saved their direful work, and S—, with a whole skin, pardoned and released, returns to his duty.

As to the latter part of Colonel E—’s remark I must leave, but was it not a curious finale to that scene, my reader? “If I could find but one good point in you I would release you?” No, quite the reverse. The culprit was so bad, so good for nothing, that it was hopeless to search for one—but one — redeeming quality.

Ah! my reader, do you know a ditto to that soldier? I do, if you do not, I will not say it is YOU; may God and His Holy Spirit lead you to say it for and of yourself. I can and do say it of myself, for if your conscience has been reached, and the arrow of conviction hurled into your inmost soul by that blessed Person, you would not say, “Is it I?” but, “it is I, I, I.”

It was that which led Isaiah to exclaim, “Woe is ME! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips” (Isa. 6:5); Job, to cry out, “I am vile” (Job 11:4); and Peter, “Depart from me; for I am a sinful (full of sin) man, O Lord” (Luke 5:8).

Yes, that is learning what the “dust” and the “dunghill” are (1 Sam. 2:8), and YOU in the one, and upon the other. To remain there? Never! for what is done with those who know and own it? HE, HE “raiseth up” the one, and “lifteth up” the other, “to set them among princes, and to make them

inherit the throne of glory.”

Who but the Holy God Himself could link “dust” and “dunghill” with “princes” and “throne of glory?” But He has, and thus in the Book of the Revelation (chap. 5.) we see the “Lamb that was slain” on the throne, after having been into the dust of death — there is the link — the precious unbreakable link. Yes, “If could find but one good point in you I would flog you,” but there was not one.

Of course in this case righteousness was not met, substitution not effected, because no one volunteered to take the punishment in the culprit’s place, but our God. has acted, does act, righteously, for it is “grace reigning through righteousness” (Rom. 5:21). A. Substitute was provided; the One Who said, “If therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way” (John 18:8), and afterwards uttered that bitter cry, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me,” has borne the penalty due to you and to me, my friend, and now God can be “the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus” (Rom. 3:26), because He has been “just.”

If you look into one of the types, God’s dealings with the leper, it is on that principle of not finding one good thing in the poor suspected creature, that the priest, God’s man in that day, after continual examination, deferring week after week the sentence, for God is never in a hurry, when not a pin’s point of sound flesh is to be discovered on the leper, then the priest has to pronounce him “clean.” Read Leviticus 13:12, 13.

We get plenty about the ceremony to be gone through, after being pronounced clean, in the next chapter — the two sparrows (margin), one killed, part of the blood put on its fellow and let go in the “open field,” no hedges, or great trees, or buildings, for it to perch upon, but up, up, up to the Holy God, that He may see the resurrection bird (in type), with that which betokened death upon its little feathers; the other part on the leper, seven times sprinkled, and “clean” repeated; then comes washing of water, and shaving off the hair, even to eyebrows — old things given up — then some of the blood of the trespass offering put upon right ear, right toe, the cleansed one now set apart by blood; next the oil, put upon the blood, not oil first and blood after, no, blood first then the oil — death of Christ entered into and believed in first, then the unction, sealing, indwelling, sanctification, of the Holy Spirit. Rehabilitation takes place, and the poor outcast is received back into the camp; delivered from that terrible place outside the camp, type of “outer darkness,” with the “weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,” now he joins “his company” and seeks to “redeem his character,” living as a new creature should live. But all this was after cleansing, after consecration, after clearing from the consequences of his horrible disease, and because of it, NOT to procure it. “This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works” (Titus 3:8).

Well, my dear reader, have you put your hand on mouth, and mouth in dust, and said, “Unclean, unclean,” like the poor leper. Have you said, “Amen,” to “there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God?” Have you “not one good point?” “Vile,” “undone,” “sinful,” is that your character, owned before God under a solemn sense of its truth for you? Then step at once into the next clause and rejoice, “Justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth as a propitiation through faith in His blood.” Step boldly, He invites you. S. V. H.

The Calling of God

GOD is light and God is love; and we are called to be like Him, and to enjoy Him as such. This is God's calling; but we are the called — chosen in Christ, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love. When God would tell us what He is Himself, He describes what His children are— a son is of the same nature as his father. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." True, He is love; but He is also Light; and He dwells in the pure unsullied light of His own Diety. And there He has called us and fitted us to be, in the fitness and acceptance of the risen and exalted Man. This is what God Himself has made us in Christ; forever blessed be His name!

But, we may well ask, how can Christians be it the presence of God holy and blameless, seeing there is so much in us that is the opposite of all this? This is a point of much importance and of great practical difficulty with many souls. But the answer is, the Apostle is speaking of what we are in Christ not of what we are or have been, in ourselves. Our old nature is not referred to here — it is passed by unnoticed. Of course the old nature is in us, and no better than it ever was, and we must take care and not let it show itself. But we are chosen and called in Christ. He is our life; and we are, before God, in the beloved One. This is the explanation, and in this the heart finds rest. Christ is holy in His character — blameless in His ways — love in His nature. And we are in God's sight as He is, If God is to find pleasure in His children, they must be like Himself. Christ is the object of God's unqualified delight, and so shall we be by and by. This is the hope of His calling. Oh! deep, divine, ineffable, unutterable, un failing, spring of happiness now — of unmingled blessedness hereafter! "We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." Therefore God has chosen us in Christ, "that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." We are brought thus into His presence, and His love is satisfied.

Oh! most wondrous, precious truth! All is done, Christ is risen and glorified. "In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." It is only there that perfect blessedness can be found. With what a hope the calling of God fills the heart! His name alone have all the praise.

But this is only the bright side of the answer to the question. The state, or practical ways of the saints, is not always a true reflection. of their standing and privileges in Christ. We come far short of what becomes the children of God in many things. How feebly we answer to His love, and how many things we allow that are contrary to Him. Whence come pride, vanity, and worldliness? we may ask. Certainly not from the Divine nature. These and all other evil things flow, not from our new, but from our old nature. Although our standing is in Christ, the flesh is in us, and ought to be mortified. In it there is no good thing. How often we have reason to be ashamed and humbled on account of our many faults! But ere long we shall have done with the flesh entirely, and be perfectly holy and without blame before God in love. He has chosen us to this end, and will in due time accomplish it. This is our sure hope. But in the meantime may we seek to suppress our old nature, and watch against all its tendencies. We know that we are in Christ now, and have His life in us, notwithstanding all our failures. May we have grace to feed on Him day by day, and hour by

hour, that we may be strengthened to do His will, until He comes to take us to be with Himself forever. A. M.

The Soldier's Triumph

SHORTLY after my conversion at Gibraltar, and feeling the need of a place to spend my evenings, I, with three other Christian soldiers, decided to take a little room and fit it up for the preaching of the gospel, in the hope that many of our fellow-soldiers would attend the meetings, and be brought to trust in our blessed Lord. After solemnly opening the room with prayer and praise to God, we determined, by His help, never to let a day pass without trying to get some fellow-soldier to our room, and when there to try and win him for Christ. Notwithstanding many jeers and taunts, in a short time about thirty had been added to our number, who used to thank God they had ever been brought to our little Bethel. Amongst them was Teddy—, a bright and happy soldier of the Rifle Brigade, and the circumstances of his conversion were very remarkable. One evening when Paddy M—(one of the original four who opened the room) was leaving the barrack room to come to the meeting, he remembered he had not invited any of his fellow-soldiers to come with him, so he retraced his steps to the barrack room, and addressing the first man he came near, said, “I say, chummy, will ye come to our little room tonight to the Bible meeting, and after we will have some tea together?”

The man gruffly replied, “No, what do I want to go to your Bible reading for? See, there is Teddy—, he has looked miserable enough for days, ask him.”

Paddy—at once turned round and went over to Teddy—, who was cleaning his belts, &c., and invited him to come.

Teddy looked up and replied, “Well, yes, I am very miserable, and am only too glad to go with you.”

Well do I remember the night. I had just finished cleaning the room and getting it ready, when in came Paddy M—and his friend Teddy—. The latter was a fine, healthy looking man, every inch a soldier, of whose life the world would willingly have taken a lease. When I had shaken hands with him, I remarked that he looked so sad, and he replied, “Yes, I am greatly troubled about my sins, and feel I would give anything to have the assurance of salvation.” I asked him what made him so earnestly desire this salvation, and in such haste to obtain it.

He replied, “I feel I am getting my last chance now. When I was on the battle-field (he had just returned from the Ashantee war), and expecting death every moment, I, as I thought, gave my heart to God, but then there was no sense of sin, and when the war was over, and danger past, I went back to my old ways, until a few weeks back. Since then I have been troubled about my sins.”

I at once said, “Let us pray about it,” and we three knelt down, and, oh! how Paddy M—wrestled with God in prayer. In his simple Irish dialect he quoted many passages of scripture, and as the precious words of God fell from the fervent Irishman's lips, the tears began to roll down poor Teddy's face, until at last he sobbed aloud, calling on God for salvation. We were all thus weeping, and as other pious soldiers entered they also cried aloud with us to God for the soul of our clear comrade, until at last, that very night, dear Teddy decided for Christ. He believed the truth of God

as a poor sinner, and trusted in the precious blood of Christ, resting on the Word of Him who has said, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. 8:12); and, "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13:38,39).

From that night, Teddy became one of our hardest workers; filled with the fullness of first love to Christ, he spent all his time trying to bring others to the Saviour. About three weeks after his conversion, I missed Teddy from the meeting, and was told he was in hospital, taken suddenly ill. I was intending to go next day to see him, but in the morning I heard the solemn sounds of the "Dead March in Saul," and the measured tread of the soldiers, as they carried the remains of a departed comrade to the burial ground. I stood and watched the procession, saluting the corpse as it passed, and asked a man standing by, whose funeral it was.

He replied, "It's Teddy—, and he died so happy, though suddenly."

In that country burial takes place the day after death in summer time. I afterwards found that lie had borne a bright testimony to Christ in the few hours he was conscious; and the last words he was heard to say were in response to an orderly covering him up in bed, "Thank—you—I am — very — happy," and so he passed away, happy in the love of Christ. His end was peace. J. H.

An Aspiration

“In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength” (Is.30:15).

Oh! to be restful ‘mid the rush of life,

To dwell in quiet ‘mid the world’s wild strife;

To know the peace that whispers to despair,

“Look up! forget thyself! for I am here.”

Oh! to be strong, with strength eternal given,

To face a world, and grasp a waiting heaven;

To suffer and to bear, to die if need —

Yet never murmur if the heart does bleed.

But calm and confident when shadows chill,

To know the love of God abideth still.

‘Tis hard at times to bear the cross along,

And hard to sing with sorrow in the song.

But to be strong, I must be calm and still—

A child that waits upon his Father’s will.

The Devil's Lullaby

SOME time ago I was leaving the platform of a railway station, when a little incident occurred which has engraved itself deeply on my memory; not the incident so much as what it suggested.

A passenger train had pulled up. At one of the compartment doors appeared a flustering and excited lady, who vainly and unsuccessfully endeavoured to undo the window, by which means she might get her hand on the fastener and so get out. Getting desperate, she beat at the window, and thereby attracted the attention of an official, who, stepping forward, at once undid the fastening, and so gave her a means of exit, but as he did so he remarked in soothing terms and with assuring voice these significant words so often used, "Plenty of time! Plenty of time!!" She seemed gratified and pleased when she found herself, her children, and all her belongings on the platform.

As I left the scene I could not help comparing this little incident and its outstanding features, with one of far more transcendent importance, a matter fraught with the issues of life or of death, of heaven or of hell, to you, dear reader. Without indulging in metaphor, for it is the distinct revelation of God's word, I solemnly say to thee, dear reader, you are a traveler either to heaven or hell. You are either on the "down line," the terminus of which is that dark world of despair; or you are on the "up line," carried along in the right train, "higher and higher yet," towards that terminus on the heavenly shore.

Dear reader, if a Christian it must be with a heart welling over with thankfulness and joy that you contemplate all that such a terminus means for you. But oh! if unsaved, what can your emotions be as you meditate on your position? Do you mean to "chance it?" Oh! friend, has the "weeping and the wailing" of tormented creatures who in life turned their backs on God and would have none of His love, and who now are enduring misery and remorse for such stupendous folly, has the knowledge of their condition no voice for thee!

Ah! you say you have a long lease of life yet, no present danger of your collapse, you mean to enjoy life and have the round of its pleasures. Is such your decision? Take the advice of one who loves your soul because God yearns over it in paternal regard, and think again. Do not be be-fooled by the arch-enemy of souls, who says, "Plenty of time! Plenty of time!!" but believe the word of God, which declares, "NOW is the accepted time."

But, if you will persist in your course of transparent folly, your blood shall be on your own head. "God called; you refused. He stretched forth His hands, and you did not regard; therefore (and oh, think of it, dear reader, how solemn it is!) He will laugh at your calamity, He will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as a desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind."

May God enable you to "flee from the wrath to come" to Jesus, the Saviour, now! Amen.

C. B.

Why is Salvation Free?

SALVATION is all free because the price has been paid. Yes, the price has been paid in full.

It has been paid by sufferings untold; by a life of weariness and toil; by rejection, persecution, and reproach; by Gethsemane's bloody sweat, and Calvary's dying cry; by the bleeding brow, and the broken heart; by the nail-pierced hands and feet, and the wounded side. It has been paid by darkness and by death. Christ lifted His brow to God saying, "I was crowned with thorns to pay the ransom for the lost." He held to heaven his wounded hands and said, "I was nailed to die for sinners." He showed His riven side, exclaiming, "I was pierced for the sins of others." God gazed upon the weary face of Jesus, "marred more than any man's," for sin and sinners; He saw His bleeding, broken heart; He heard the words of Jesus, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do;" and God has said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." God has accepted what Christ has done for sinners; God rests in the finished work of Jesus.

There is nothing more to be said, there is nothing more to be done. Any sinner who rests upon the finished work of Jesus is saved. Christ has purchased salvation for us, and bestows it on all who will accept it as a free gift. Take a case. A man goes abroad, works hard for years, gets rich by constant toil, dies and leaves you all his property. He has worked, and all he has gained becomes yours if you will accept it. Now, Christ has worked for sinners; He has died, and He offers all the treasures of His love to any who will have them. Will you accept them?

Suppose hundreds of people in a city were starving, and I bought all the bread in the city, and paid for it; it would be mine, would it not? And I should have a right to give it to save any starving man or woman from perishing, should I not? "Yes," you say, "you could do what you liked with your own." Christ has purchased pardon and heaven for the sinner, and He has a right to offer you eternal life, and He does. He holds in His hand the gift of salvation, and any sinner who puts his trust in His promises will be saved now. "Salvation is of the Lord." He has died that He might give life. He has the right to bestow it on any; He is waiting for you, feeling your need, to ask Him for a blessing. Will you do it now?

A Tale of the Sea

A GALE on the Atlantic. The great waves are heaving high, their crests foaming to the rush of striving winds, while the black clouds pass across the desolate sky, like routed squadrons on a battlefield. One of the great steamers of a well-known line is laboring onwards against wind and tide; the watchful captain and officers are keeping a good look out. A dismayed vessel is seen in the offing, flying signals of distress. A volunteer crew is told off, under the direction of the first officer, to render all the aid that humanity demanded, even at such a time, and in the face of such a storm. The terrific sea that was running made it impossible for a time to approach very close to the disabled ship. The boat, coming as close as possible to them, lay tossing like a cork upon the heaving waters, while the brave crew strove with might and main to prevent her being capsized, sea after sea broke over them, but these British sailors shrunk not from the danger.

But how could they save those whose lives were in such awful peril? They could see them on the deck of the sinking ship, and hear their imploring cries. A young seaman, twenty-three years of age, volunteers to swim to the wreck with a rope around his waist. He is soon ready, and, leaping from the boat he breasts, with strong and steady stroke, the fierce waves that surge around him. It is a terrible struggle; his comrades watch him with eager interest. With a noble resolution he struggles onward; — now he is buried beneath an engulfing sea; now he emerges, and bravely struggles on; at last he reaches the wreck, and is enabled to make a hawser fast. With the aid of this, twenty-two men safely gain the boat, in an exhausted condition.

The brave fellow is pulled into the boat after them amid the cheers of his comrades, and they are preparing to row back, when one of the saved men tells them that the carpenter has been left on board with both his legs broken. Without a moment's hesitation the brave fellow again volunteers to swim to the sinking ship. Again the rope is tied around him, and he leaps overboard; just as he reaches the side of the doomed vessel, a huge wave, bearing with it a mass of wreckage, breaks over the ship, and falls with crushing force upon the head of the swimmer. With a cry of agony, never to be forgotten, he throws up his arms, and sinks crushed and dead, to rise no more.

After a pause of sorrow for the poor fellow so suddenly killed, the officer asks if anyone else will volunteer to save the man. Three instantly do so, undeterred by the fate of their comrade. One is accepted, and he safely reaches the ship, and goes down below and brings the poor sufferer to the deck. With the greatest difficulty and danger the boat is at length brought close enough to the wreck to enable the brave rescuer to drop the carpenter into the outstretched arms held up so willingly to receive him. He then leaps in himself, and they return safely to their own vessel with the saved ones. Sad are their hearts, for the one whom they have lost was a great favorite with all on board. And far away in England there is one who loves him, and who was to have been his wife. She will have to be told how bravely and how nobly he died, in the cause of duty and self-sacrificing humanity.

A sad tale of the sea is this, but it has its lessons for one and all. The men on the sinking wreck were in a place of certain death, unless help came to them outside themselves. They were lost as

far as any power remained with themselves for salvation. No help for them from the roaring waters; no salvation from the howling winds; the black skies brooded over them like wings of death. But eyes of pity saw them, and arms of love saved them — and the price of their life was the death of the one who was their deliverer.

And so it is with us, my reader. That sinking ship is a type of a ruined world; those men upon it in such peril, are types of lost sinners — sinners such as you. and me. The billows of coming judgment surge around a world of sinners; and the winds of despair tell of coming doom; we cannot save ourselves — but One has come to save. Yes, He has died to bring us salvation. With strong heart of love He breasted the waves of God's wrath against sin, and went down beneath them to deliver us. The men who were rescued by that devoted sailor would love him and revere his memory all through their lives. And can you not love the One who left heaven to redeem mankind? Do you love the Saviour? You can never save yourselves; you are lost without a Saviour. Will you have Jesus as your Saviour? There is none but Him. He is the only Saviour. Would you like to sink to hell through seas of wrath? Would you not rather be delivered from the wrath to come? Then fly your signals of distress now, my reader. Tell Jesus you are lost. He seeks and saves the lost. He will see you in your danger on the sea of time, and come to your deliverance. But you must own your condition; He only saves those who cannot save themselves. Are you one of these?

Carried Like a Child

DEAR Mrs. W—was propped up with pillows; her breathing was very short, and difficult. I said to her, having called to visit her, “You are near the end of your journey.”

She answered, “It is better to depart and to be with Christ; He giveth grace to the end.”

I began to repeat the following lines,

“The Shepherd’s bosom bears each lamb,

O’er rock, and waste, and wild;”

With a clear voice she said, finishing the verse,

“The object of that love I am,

And carried like a child.”

The calm of His presence, whose love she had proved, was filling her soul; she felt around her the “everlasting arms,” bearing her to rest.

Reader! if the shades of death were about your soul, could you say, “I know in Whom I have believed?”

“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.”

The object of His eternal love, and carried like a child, are you proving that? or is the abiding wrath to be your portion? W. T.

The Suicide's Letter

A FEW months ago, and the whole of England was thrilled by the murder of a wife and six children, and by the suicide of the husband who had murdered them.

The neighbors speak of having heard the children singing the night before they died, and, from the letters left by the husband and father, we are told some details of the awful tragedy. But it is not of that that I wish to dwell upon now, my reader. There is a sentence in one of the letters that went right home to my heart. It was a letter written by the suicide to a relative just before he took the poison. He writes, "My darling wife and children are now out of reach of trouble and storm. I am about to follow. The world has no use for heartbroken men..... Annie always said she would like to go when I did, and a few days ago declared she was ready any time. She was a noble-minded woman and a devoted wife and mother. I could not leave any of them behind. They are better off now than millionaires. They have not had a particle of pain.....Annie took her dose as comfortably as her tea, with the understanding that we should all go."

It was that sentence, "The world has no use for heart-broken men," that struck me so. What despair there is manifest in that sentence! and hidden depths of sorrow also that we can never fathom. Oh! that the writer had gone to the One Who heals the broken-hearted, and had found rest in the love of the heart that was broken on the cross for sin and sinners! The world may have no use for heart-broken men, but the "better world" is filled with those who have been broken-hearted. David was broken-hearted when he wrote the fifty-first Psalm — heart-broken on account of his sin. He says, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." The world is hard to those who are despairing, and there is little comfort in the narrow bounds of time for those who are distressed; but in God's eternity there is One to comfort the wretched and heart-weary. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And He means what He says. If my reader is despairing, look up and see the light of love that shines in Jesus' face. Come unto Him, Who has died to make the vilest clean, and the most wretched happy. He was the "Man of sorrows," that He might give joy to those who are in sorrow; He was rejected, that He might welcome and receive to eternal happiness the world's rejected ones; He was "smitten and afflicted," so that He might relieve the anguish of the afflicted heart. If the poor suicide of this article could have washed the Saviour's feet with his tears, he would have known the peace and rest of that Saviour's heart. David found healing for his broken heart, and solace for his wounded soul. Oh! my reader, there is no trouble that Jesus cannot take away. Will you trust Him with your sorrows? Tell Him all; go down upon your knees, and do not rise until you have His peace. Read the third of John; dwell upon the sixteenth verse; read it over and over again, and you will find that God is love, that Christ has died for you, and that your heart will lose its sorrow, and your life its sin.

He is my Way

HE is my way. When anxious about my soul, and uncertain where to go or what to do, it was sweet and beautiful to hear Him say, "I am the Way." All in heaven today have got there by one way — Christ. Old Testament saints have looked on to Christ. The martyrs triumphed through their faith in Christ. The Apostles followed Christ. All upon this earth today, who are bound to heaven, are going by one road — Christ. Man makes many roads in his attempts to get to heaven, but he tries in vain. Over the clamorous voices of a world's religion; over the Babel sounds of a thousand rituals, the ear of faith hears the voice' of the Son of God saying, "I am the Way...no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Are you seeking to tread God's road to heaven — Christ?

The Call of Abraham

IN all ages God blessed His people according to the revelation which He gave of Himself, as the object of their faith (see Heb. 11). He made Himself known to Abraham, for example, as the ALMIGHTY; and blessed him as the depositary of promise. Called of God, he leaves his own people and country, though he knew not whither he was going; He believes God and obeys, having nothing but the promise. He was a stranger in a strange land. But his strangership was his gain. It brought him, in spirit, nearer to God Himself. It led him to desire a better country. He had no wish to go back to his own. God, known as the Almighty, was his trust, his shield, his reward. In the presence of the king of Sodom, though a stranger in a strange land, he confessed and honored the Lord as “the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth.” He refused to be enriched by the world. He was content to wait upon God, to whom both heaven and earth belonged. Enough for the heart of faith that God knows the need and how and when to meet it.

The God of promise was the object of his faith; He had nothing else, for God gave him none inheritance in the land, “no, not so much as to set his foot on: yet He promised that He would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child” (Acts 7). It was thus that he honored God as a stranger and a pilgrim, and God is not ashamed to be called Abraham’s God. What a testimony! Of whom, we may ask, could God now say so much? Abraham was a pilgrim and a stranger on the ground of promise; we on the higher ground of oneness with a Christ rejected on earth and accepted in heaven. Even our citizenship is in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour. Of “the fathers” the Spirit of truth bears this blessed testimony in Hebrews 11: — “But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city.”

Israel, the natural seed of Abraham, was in covenant relationship with God, as Jehovah. All temporal blessings in a pleasant land, the choicest of earth’s treasures, are their proper blessing. Through their rebellion they have been dispersed under His chastening hand, but they are His chosen people, and will yet be abundantly blessed, and peacefully settled in the land of promise. But the Christian’s blessing goes far beyond a promise, or a goodly land. And he knows God, not only as the Almighty and as Jehovah, but as Father. “I will be,” He says, “a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty” (2 Con 6:18). Promises were the stronghold of the Jew; the Christian rests in accomplished redemption. Nothing more can be added to this blessing — nothing more can be desired. More may be revealed to him, and all shall yet be better understood; but these words, “TO HIMSELF,” are enough. Not only has He chosen us to be like Himself, but near Himself. Surely it is the expression of the most tender, the most marvelous, the most delighting love.

Here are two words for our long and deep meditation. Nothing could be more fitted to calm down every rising fear, and hush to rest all anxieties as to the future. Dear fellow-believer, must thou ever distrust the love that chooses to have thee near as Christ Himself is near? It is marvelous in our eyes. Called to be like Him — called to be near Him; and this, too, is “according to the good

pleasure of His will.” The children’s place and portion will be the display, throughout eternity, of the peculiar pleasure of the Father. Now it is revealed to faith, and as true as it will be then. But then all that now hinders our enjoyment of this, our high calling in Christ Jesus, will have passed away forever.

A. M.

Diving into Hell

ON the August Bank-holiday, two young men went for an excursion to a well-known seaside resort. Being fond of the water, and good swimmers, they engaged a boat for the purpose of bathing. After a time pleasantly spent in the water, they got into the boat, and one commenced to dress. The other young man, however, was anxious to again plunge in, but his friend sought to dissuade him, remarking that he thought he had been in long enough. However, he was determined, and replied, "Harry, I will have one more dive, if I dive into Hell for it." He took the fatal plunge, and never rose to the surface again. Oh! imagine the horror of his friend, as he stands at the side of the boat anxiously gazing into the water hoping to see his companion rise again! But in vain; for the last dive has been taken! All that rings in his ears are the awful words, "Into Hell!" "INTO HELL!" Mournfully he gets to shore companionless, still only hearing the voice of his late friend saying, "INTO HELL."

Very shortly afterwards he came to a gospel meeting, where it pleased God to show him his need of a Saviour, and where, when he was saved, he told the incident himself.

Reader! this is a solemn warning to you. If still unsaved, you are on the same road as that poor young man. Often have you received earnest warning to turn from your evil ways, often have you been exhorted to "flee from the wrath to come." The Holy Spirit has often been striving with you, bringing home to you your sins and the consequences of your sins, and often, it may be, you have made up your mind to be a Christian "some day." But inwardly you have said to yourself, "One dive more. One dive more into the pleasures of the world! One more dive into sin! Only one more dive!" Oh! beware, I beseech you, of thus trifling with the living God. Your plunge into sin may be eternally fatal.

Long has God been calling to you, and beseeching you to be reconciled. Long has He been telling you that "He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," and you have always resisted His loving pleadings, and solemn appeals, and you are still diving into the pleasures of sin.

As you read this paper I pray you pause and consider where it will all end, and no longer close your ears to the divine word of Him "who commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Repent while still there is mercy. Repent while still the precious "blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Repent while still the Holy Spirit strives with you. Repent, I say, ere yet that time shall come when He shall say, "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded.....I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

I can tell you now of a full and free salvation through the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross. I can tell you now of a complete pardon for every sin, offered through the atoning blood He shed — through simply trusting in that blood — and I can tell you of God's entire satisfaction with the propitiatory work of Christ, in that He hath raised Him up from the dead, and

seated Him at His own right hand in glory.

From that “excellent glory” speaks the voice of Him Who once died for sin — the voice of love and mercy—bidding you turn from your evil ways and live, and assuring you of a perfect welcome, if you only put your trust in Him.

Let not the call be in vain. Say not yet again, “One more dive,” but in the presence of such wondrous love lift your eyes and heart to heaven, saying, “Christ for me.” God grant it may be so!

P. H. B.

“Have You Told Him so?”

“THERE, it doesn’t matter what becomes of our bodies, so long as our souls go to heaven,” said a poor shopkeeper to me, only a week or two since, after she had told me the painful story of her own and her husband’s bodily afflictions.

“No,” I replied, “eternal life is beyond all comparison more valuable than natural life, very precious though this latter is, indeed.”

“I keeps on praying and praying. One can’t do better than do the best they can,” she answered. “Sometimes I am praying nearly half the night.”

Having said this, while waiting for me to respond, she fixed her eyes so earnestly upon one, that I felt I had been brought suddenly face to face with an anxious soul.

“Happily for us, our salvation does not depend on our doing the best we can, but simply and entirely upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Your prayers will never avail to save you. If you are saved at all it must be by Another. The fact is, before ever you thought of Him, the Saviour loved you, and suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. However anxious you may be to be saved, the question is not so much whether or no He will accept of such as you — (His own Word assures us that He came to seek and to save the lost, as also that him that cometh unto Him He will in no wise cast out)—but rather are you at this moment willing to open your heart to Him?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Have you told Him so?”

She waited for me to proceed.

“My advice to you now is, tell Him that you are willing to receive Himself into your heart. It is He who seeks admission there, even as Himself hath said, “Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and He with Me.” Do be advised by me; tell Him that you are a poor lost sinner, seeking salvation, and that you do want Him to come in.”

“Thank you, sir, thank you,” said this poor anxious woman; “I will, sir, yes; I will; thank you.”

“I will tell you what will take place the very moment you open your heart to receive Him. You cannot have your sins within your heart and the Lord Jesus Christ at the same time. If He enters the sins must go; His precious blood cleanseth from all sin. And not only will your sins be at once and for ever washed away; but if you really receive Christ, He will henceforth be in you the hope of glory.”

Such was the substance of our brief conversation, as I stood in front of, and she behind her own counter. I left the shop with a thankful heart, because the Lord had given me the privilege of

speaking “heart to heart” with her, assuredly gathering that He Who had set her soul longing for Christ, and for salvation through His finished work, would not fail to satisfy her longing heart, and to fill her hungry soul with fatness.

But am I now addressing some poor anxious inquirer, who has prayed and prayed without obtaining any rest from their heavy burden of sin? Be persuaded and go at once where you can be alone with Himself, and tell Him all about yourself, and that you want Him to enter your heart. Surely the living water — the gift of God — is worth asking for, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.” A. J.

A Young Hero

ONE of the incidents of the storming of the Great Redoubt in the Crimean War I rewrite for my readers now.

The British soldiers had won their way by hard and victorious fighting to the sloping side of the Redoubt, and were winning their way upwards in the face of a terrific fire of cannon shot and musketry. Volley after volley thinned the ranks of our undaunted soldiers, when suddenly the enemy's firing ceased, and the smoke wreath around the brow of the Redoubt cleared away. Then our troops, seeing that the foe were carrying off their guns, began to cheer and press on to victory.

Starting from the British ranks, with the Queen's color of the Royal Welsh in his hand, a young lad ran forward towards the summit. He was fleet of foot, and kept far in advance of all the rest. At last he gains the top of the Redoubt, and digging the butt end of the flagstaff into the parapet, he stands with proud exulting race, grasping the standard tightly, and panting for breath. As he stands there flushed with the pride of his daring, a rifle bullet strikes him, and he falls dead — but even as he falls, he holds the standard tightly, and it goes with him, and rests upon him, covering him with its folds. His name lives in history, for the heroic deed he performed, but death seized him at the proudest moment of his life, and the battle shouts of victory were stilled for him in the silence of the grave. He lived long enough to win the height, and that was all; he never shared in the fruits of the victory he had so nobly helped to win.

When I read this, I thought of Christ pressing onward to the crest of Calvary with the standard of salvation in His hand — the standard of the "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

The battle hosts of hell were arrayed against Him, and the strife went on in darkness and in storm.

But at last the Conqueror's voice was heard crying, "It is finished," and the victory was won. On the heights of redemption the standard of salvation waved, and the Son of God became the Saviour of the world. His hour of victory was His hour of death, but when, He died, not one foe was left to encounter, the battlefield was cleared of every enemy. He fought alone, and the victory was His—

"Alone He bare the Cross,

Alone its grief sustain'd;

His was the shame and loss,

And He the victory gain'd."

His death gives the believer in Him life — for "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

I could never have won heaven had not Christ won it for me. None but Christ could have cleared away the opposing host that lay between me, a poor, lost sinner, and the presence of a holy God, The blood of Jesus was shed for me; yes, my Saviour's precious blood has made my title sure, and I follow Him, and above me waves the standard of redemption. My sins were like mountains

all around me, but the blood shed on Calvary has cleared them all away. I stand upon the resurrection heights with Jesus now, for He who was dead is alive again, and liveth for evermore. I triumph in His triumphs. His victories are mine, for I follow Him.

Reader! do you know aught of these things? Do you know what it is to share the victories of Jesus? Satan and his legions surround you, my unsaved friend, on every hand. You cannot see them, but they are there — they are between you and the heaven where Jesus is.

The heights of redemption are above you, and the banner of salvation floats in the breeze of heaven there. You may win these glorious heights of happiness and peace today, if you will follow Jesus. Follow Him, believing that He is your Saviour. Follow Him, resting upon His finished work. Follow Him, as the lost one follows his guide, as the sinner his Saviour. You could never have won the heights of heaven without Jesus, but believing in Him, and being washed from all your sins in His precious blood, you “are seated in heavenly places in Christ.” God be praised for such a Saviour, the Conqueror over sin, and death, and the power of death — God be praised for the victory Christ has won.

“Bless, bless, the Conqueror slain,

Slain in His victory;

Who lived, Who died, Who lives again,

For thee, His Church, for thee!”

The Infidel's Progress

A NOTORIOUS infidel was taken ill, in a certain town, and was visited during his illness by a Christian doctor, who endeavoured, though in vain, to win him from his infidelity to Christ. He told him of the certainty of the Bible truth about the future, and the punishment of sin, but the infidel set it all aside by the usual shifts and blasphemies of infidelity. He recovered from his illness, and again visited his infidel club, as opposed to Christianity as ever.

Shortly afterwards he had a relapse, and again the Christian doctor was sent for. No human aid could avail for his body, and he would not seek God for his soul, and so he died in the presence of the doctor, as he had lived, "without hope, and without God."

By his bedside, after his death, a book was found entitled "Progress" (not "The Pilgrim's Progress"), a work edited by a well-known infidel. This was probably one of the last books he ever read. Truly "the husks that the swine do eat." He believed in progress, scientific progress! daring nineteenth century progress! devil-led progress to the lake of fire! Where did his progress lead him? Alas! alas! he walked in the light of his own eyes, in the way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. He walked round and round the narrow circle of man's ideas, and never got beyond until he died, and then he reached the place where hope can never come.

Christ has said, "I am the way." Man in daring unbelief tries to make ways of his own. Christ says, "I am the light." Man in his blasphemy kindles his own tapers, which only light him to his hell. Christ says, "I am the truth." Man in profanity makes God a liar, and calls the thoughts of darkness the truth. Christ says, "I am the life," and man by his actions and words says, "I can live without Thee, Jesus Christ," and then he dies. Oh! poor, lost man, what are the Saviour's wounds to thee? what His immeasurable love, His divine compassion? The light of human reason is a wrecker's light that shines above the shores of hell, and human progress leads but to the grave, the GREAT WHITE THRONE, and HELL. "Follow Me," says Christ, the Saviour of the world, and the print of His footsteps mark the way to the throne of God.

“Without Money, and Without Price.”

IN the performance of the various ritualistic observances in a large Romish chapel in Ireland, three priests were constantly engaged, and as each of these required to be paid for his services, and the immediate neighbourhood was a very poor one, they must needs set their wits to work to devise plans whereby to secure for themselves the amount they deemed requisite for their own personal benefit.

Accordingly, one plan they adopted was to charge a good round sum for the burial of every parishioner, though the amount charged varied according to the position of the relatives of the departed. The result was, in cases where these latter were too poor to furnish the required amount, many were buried without a priest being present to read the Burial Service.

Another plan was to fix upon a certain amount, also varying according to the applicant's station in life, without the payment of which no one could procure the priest's absolution.

I suppose these plans proved insufficient to meet their supposed requirements, for they presently adopted the expedient of levying toll to the amount of one penny per head upon all attendants at Mass.

To collect this latter, as the hour drew near for the celebration of Mass, each priest took by turns his stand with three helpers at the entrance, and remained there while the poor peasants were thronging in. And when, because of their extreme poverty not a few failed to produce the required penny, they were either flatly refused admission, or their clay pipes and tobacco were taken as a pledge, until the price for admission was paid. And great was the chagrin, and very bitter were the invectives that ever and anon escaped the lips of those who, having no penny, and their pipes, etc., already in pledge, were unable that day to enter the chapel.

Can any wonder that vice enslaved very many in that locality, while their would-be shepherds were occupied in feeding themselves, instead of feeding the flock.

He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness would not suffer those precious souls to continue to grope about in gross darkness, and to cry out in vain, “Who will show us any good?”

There came one day a little company of men to that chapel, dressed in a peculiar garb. My informant did not appear to know by what name they were known, and I was not curious to ascertain, but this one thing is certain, from her report of their testimony, they were the servants of the Most High God, and very earnest evangelists.

Far and wide the news soon spread that “the Missioners are come,” and from many miles round the poor villagers flocked to hear the word of God. Many of the tradesmen gave away tickets of admission. On the other hand, in the face of the earnest protests of God's servants, the crafty priests charged all who had no tickets one shilling each for admission to the gallery of the chapel. Yet so great was the concourse of people, that the gallery had to be propped up for fear lest it should give way under their weight, and the pressure of people therein one against the other was

so extreme, that a farmer's daughter, then present, assured me it was only occasionally that she could touch the floor with her feet.

In the name of the Lord Jesus the preachers besought their hearers to "buy wine and milk without money, and without price."

"We want not your money," said they; "God wants you each one to give to Him your hearts."

"As I was passing down the street," said one, "I saw a lady frown on a poor little girl, all clad in tatters, as she passed her; yet the soul of that poverty-stricken child is worth more in God's sight than all the gold of California."

And as they went on to speak of Him who on Calvary's Cross suffered, the lust for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, and of that precious blood which He shed, the price of our redemption, and which alone avails to purge away sin, many were moved to tears, yea, many hearts were touched.

Reader, it may be from your earliest infancy you have heard a free gospel proclaimed. Allow me to ask, Has God's message of love touched your heart? Has it ever opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus? If not, much as you may be inclined to pity the ignorance of those poverty-stricken Irish peasantry, who hearing it proclaimed during one short week received the same gladly, it is yourself who is the most to be blamed. Have you not heard? why do you not believe?

In that Romish chapel in Ireland was one poor woman, who was known to be a very clever butcher, and in this capacity often earned a good stun of money, quite outside of her husband's weekly earnings. She would work, and work hard, until she was overtaken by an insatiable craving for drink, and then she would go on until not only her own stock was completely exhausted, but until she had nothing left upon which she could lay hands to sell to procure drink.

At one time her husband was so exasperated with her, that in a frenzy of wrath he hung her up on a wall upon a nail by the hairs of her head. And she, when released from this agonizing position, cruelly maltreated her husband's pig. So that both were sent to prison, the husband for his cruelty to his wife, and the wife for her cruelty to a dumb animal. While they were in prison, five of their children died.

He Who deviseth means that he that is banished be not an outcast from Him, brought this poor sorrowing mother, at that time a wretched and helpless captive, in the bondage of sin and death, within the sound of the good tidings of deliverance by the Lord Jesus Christ. Her eyes were opened; she saw the light that then shone in a dark place. Her ears were unstopped; she heard words of love proclaimed in the name of the Lord Jesus. In her heart the word preached found an entrance, (as it did in the hearts of many others also at the same time and place), and this captive was set at liberty. Old things bad passed away; behold, all things became new; all things being of God.

While she yet groaned in fearful bondage, her own good resolutions, and her husband's utmost efforts, alike failed to accomplish her deliverance. Not by paying the sum fixed by the priests as the price of their words of professed absolution, but by the grace of God, she that believed was justified from all things, and with gladness she bought wine and milk of God's own providing, without money, and without price.

Reader, thou canst not purchase eternal life — it is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Ask of Him, and He will give thee living water. A. J.

“Nevertheless.”

VISITING a patient in the County Hospital the other day, with my wife, while I left her to talk with the special object of our visit, I went to speak to those who were in bed, and when doing so came up to one patient whom I saw was reading a book. On asking what she was looking at, I was informed it was the 73rd Psalm, which, it appears, the chaplain, who had been reading in that particular ward, had spoken upon, and thus directed the attention of the young person to it, “The 73rd Psalm,” I said; “I am very fond of that Psalm, it’s the number of my old regiment. What verse have you got to?”

“The 22nd,” she replied.

“Read it for me, please.”

She did. “So foolish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before Thee.”

“Have you learned you are ‘a BEAST’ before Him?” I inquired very quietly, but pointedly.

A stare of surprise was the reply.

Perhaps, dear reader, more than a stare of surprise would be seen on your face if such a question was put to you; one of scorn and indignation, with a toss of the head. The idea that such as you, so nice, so amiable, moral, and, perhaps, what people would call religious, whatever they mean by that word, should be asked such a question. “Have I learned that I am a beast?” Yes. Have YOU learned the lesson? aye, and more, “Foolish,” “IGNORANT” as well as “a beast,” not before me, or the best person on earth, but before a Holy God? Who is it that owns that he is all those three things combined in one person? Why, the Psalmist Asaph, a good man, as people say, one of the choir, the leader, in fact, in the magnificent temple service of that day. What leads tip to the confession made in the 22nd verse? Let us look at it for a minute.

He was troubled at the prosperity of the wicked, could not make out how it was they got on, were prospered, had not the trouble of other men, and at last “no bands in their death,” while as for him, be “had cleansed his heart in vain, and washed his hands in innocency,” and yet he had been plagued all the day long, and so on. He could not make it out at all, UNTIL he got into the presence of God “the sanctuary” — then he understood THEIR end; he learned about them and a GOOD DEAL MORE too, as one always does in God’s presence. Wonderful school, dear friend; have you ever been there — into “the light” — about yourself?

That is where Job was brought after all his self-justification, and blaming even God; and what was the expression, it, the light, wrung from him? “BEHOLD I AM VILE,” in the 40th chapter; and more, for in the 42nd he adds, “I ABHOR MYSELF.” It does not say Jehovah abhorred him. Oh! no, it does not, for it could not, “FOR GOD IS LOVE.”

This is ever the effect on the conscience; have you learned the effect of that “Light?” If not, may God in His mercy bring you at once within the focus of that ray from the glory, which penetrates all

the coverings with which nature and the flesh would try to clothe poor wretched SELF; that, like Adam, when he found out his apron of fig leaves did not satisfy his conscience after all, owned "I was naked;" like Job, exclaim, "I am vile;" or Asaph in our psalm, exclaim, "Foolish, Ignorant, a Beast before Thee." He will not leave you naked; there is His Christ for you, dead and risen, and seated on the throne of glory. The antitype of the "coat of skins," He will do for you as Job, make you learn what He has for those who take the low place and own their vileness. And as in Asaph's case, as I tried to show the young person in that hospital ward, that immediately on the confession of his being "Foolish," "Ignorant" and "a Beast he adds (Verses 23 24), "NEVERTHELESS." Yes, in spite of what I am, for all that, "Nevertheless, I am continually with Thee; Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." Yes, that is just it; no more troubled about other people, enough to have learned what he was in God sight, and now in HIS OWN, yet, "NEVERTHELESS," loved and cared for, sustained now, and in His good time received into glory, and this shown out by his expressions in the next two verses (25 and 26). "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. MY flesh and MY heart faileth: BUT God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

Then, in spite of the humbling lesson he had learned by doing so, he adds in the last verse, "But it is good for me to draw near to God" — where he had learned what "a beast" he was — "I have put my trust in the Lord GOD, that I may declare all Thy works."

There is another "nevertheless" to which one's mind is carried, and that in a most solemn though blessed connection, uttered, not by an Asaph, but by the Son of God, Jesus, the "Jehovah," a Saviour, as that precious word of five letters, Jesus, really means.

Turn to the 26th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and read with me that terrible scene of agony which that blessed One went through in the garden of Gethsemane, in anticipation of what was to come upon Him when bearing the wrath of a Holy God, in whose presence I trust everyone who may read this has owned, or will own, himself or herself, foolish, ignorant, and "A BEAST," when He made Him to be sin for us (2 Cor. v. 21), when "Jehovah laid upon Him the iniquity of us all," and when "it pleased Jehovah to bruise Him" (Isa. 53:6-10), when He was about to cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Matt. 27:46)—I say, when the anticipation of this terrible moment was pressing upon that Holy One, in the 38th verse He says, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and in the 39th verse, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless, "NEVERTHELESS," NEVERTHELESS, oh! thank God for that "NEVERTHELESS," "NOT as I will, but as Thou wilt."

He took "this cup" and drank it to the dregs, as we sometimes sing: —

"Mercy and truth unite,

Oh, 'tis a wondrous sight,

All sights above!

JESUS the curse sustains,

Guilt's bitter cup HE drains!

Nothing for us remains —

Nothing but love.”

Yes, indeed, all gone, the sinner and his sin too, and now, in a risen Christ, the believer is a new creation; old things passed away, all things become new (2 Cor. 5:17).

A little lower down in the same chapter you will find another “NEVERTHELESS,” and that connected with the coming and glory of that One who in humiliation, and foreseeing the “sufferings,” could now foretell “the glories” (1 Peter 1:11).

In the 64th verse, “Jesus saith,..... ‘NEVERTHELESS,’ I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.”

Thank God for that “nevertheless” also, as it speaks of the glories of Him who in agony of soul, yet as the ever subject Son and Servant, uttered the previous one alluded to in verse 39 — the glories of Him who “suffered the Just for the unjust,” and who enables such as I, to exclaim with Asaph, now one sees God can do it righteously, now that He has caused “Mercy and truth to meet together; righteousness and peace to kiss each other” (Psalm 85:10), “So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before Thee.” Nevertheless—WHAT when I (S. V. H.), was “foolish,” “ignorant,” and “a beast?” YES, THEN; for you never were anything else in His eyes, though you thought a lot of yourself, S. V. H.; yes, THEN. “Nevertheless, I am continually with Thee; Thou hast holden ME by my right hand. Thou shalt guide ME with Thy counsel, and afterward receive ME to glory.” “Oh! to grace how great a debtor!”

Don’t you see, my reader, you can afford to take that low place, when you learn you are loved with such a love, by such a Person? who to enable Him to gratify it, as righteously as right royally, “spared not His own Son” (Rom. 8:32), “laid upon Him iniquity,” “bruised Him” (Is. 53:10), that love which proved stronger than death, and rejoice in Asaph’s “nevertheless” because of Jesus’ “nevertheless.” May you do both. “He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” S. V. H.

The Two Brothers

IN all the annals of the martyrs there is nothing much more pathetic than the following incident of the two brothers.

They had their home, hundreds of years ago, maid the Alps; they refused to bow down in the superstitious idolatry of Rome, and for their contumacy they were cast into prison.

We know little of their history, but this we do know, that the edict went forth that one of them mast die; it did not say which, but one must die.

There was an affecting scene between the brothers in the cell, each wanting to die, and each one trying to persuade the other to live. This went on for some time until at last the younger had his way, and the elder went home alone.

Oh! Christians, who may read this and the lines following, are you true enough to Christ to die for Him? There will be no power given to us to die for Christ unless we live for Christ. In these days of coldness of heart and departure from the Master, are we hard following after Christ? In these days, when it is fashionable to wear the cross, but not to bear it, are we content to take up our cross and follow Him? May God grant that "this mind may be in us, that was also in Christ Jesus."

And now let us tell in verse what we have been speaking of in prose.

There were two brothers in a lonely cell,

And on the morrow, one of them must die.

It said not which, but so the edict ran,

And there was strife betwixt the two, for each

Wished for the death, that could but come to one.

Fair-haired and beautiful the younger was;

Upon his brow the open look of truth

Sat like a glory, and his fair young face,

Seemed made for woman's love, he was the one,

His mother's best beloved, her latest born.

The elder was dark-haired, and browned with toil;

The deeper light of manhood in his eye,

Darkened with sadness of an inward woe.

They sat with arms entwined upon a seat

Rough hewn and hard, against the prison wall,
And to the elder's earnest face there came,
As he gazed fondly on his brother's face,
The impress of a sorrowing, yearning love,
Too deep for words; and now a sweet sad smile,
Played on his lips, as on the upturned face,
Shadowed with waving hair, he saw the look
Of earnest purpose; and those pleading eyes,
So rich with dark blue light, that met his own.
He placed his hand upon his brow, and passed
His fingers through the shining gold above,
And then he spake:
"Our mother weeps alone
Amid the hills whereon we used to play;
Weeps on her knees whene'er she thinks of thee,
Her latest born, her best beloved son.
Go home, Francesco, dry our mother's tears;
Go home and trim our vines, and tend the sheep,
Our white-haired parents need thee, I will stay.
Tell them I blessed them both before I died,
Take then my place, they'll need thee all the more,
And love thee all the better when I'm gone.
'Tis not so hard to die, for I have loved
My Saviour even better than my life —
Nay, interrupt me not — it was this morn
I told them, e'er the convent bell had rung
The vesper hour, that you should dry their tears;
I have their blessing, and their last farewell."
'Twas thus he spake, and then he bent to kiss

His brother's brow, and wait his heart's reply.
The brothers gazed, with arms entwined, awhile
Into each other's eyes, until at last
The blue eyes filled with tears, and a faint flush
Rose on Francesco's cheek, like sunlight falls
Upon the morning dew, and then he spake:
"Brother! it cannot be —
As I have lived for God, so will I die,
And thank Him for the martyr's crown above.
I've looked my last upon our native hills,
And those dear faces I have loved so well;
'Twill not be long before we meet in heaven.
Tell our dear mother that my God was good,
And comfort her and shield her with your love:
Give her this ringlet, and this broken chain,
And tell them that I loved them to the end.
Be thou a truer son, and with thy love,
Fill up the place to them that once was mine."
And then the generous strife went on awhile,
And none would yield, until at last the time
Drew near for parting, and the elder strove
Yet more to shake his brother's purpose now,
But strove in vain, for every word that came
Of love or of entreaty from his lips,
Had their quick answer from Francesco's faith.
And when the hour was come, and they must part,
The elder 'mid embraces sought once more
To make him go — and leave him to the death
Awaiting one, and thus he shake:

“Go forth, my brother, I would rather die.”

“And so would I.”

“How dark without thee will our home become?”

“You will be home.”

“The morning worship, and the evening prayer?”

“You will be there.”

“Our father’s sorrow, and our mother’s woe?”

“God wills it so.”

“Thou shalt not die, for I will die for thee.”

“It may not be.”

“For His dear sake, who taught us how to die.”

“Good bye! Good bye!”

“Here on my knees, my brother — let me stay.”

“I want to pray.”

“Why should thy early youth to death be given?”

“I go to heaven.”

“How can I leave thee in this prison cell P “

“Farewell! Farewell!”

“What message shall I carry to our home?”

“God’s will is done.”

“Their Faith.”

WHERE do we find these words? In Luke 5, “And when He saw their faith, He said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.” Not when He saw his faith, in this narrative. And might we not oftener follow the example of these four men, on behalf of those dear to us, whom we see going on, day by day, indifferent and careless as to their souls’ salvation. This man was sick of the palsy, type of the helplessness of those who are still in their sins.

Last summer I was reminded of this palsied man, borne of four, who through great difficulties was laid at the feet of the Lord Jesus, by an earnest Christian worker, living in one of the Channel Islands. I had known her for years as a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. One day I went to see her, when she told me she was going away the following day, for a fortnight’s holiday. I asked her where?

“Well,” she said, “I am going for a week to P —, and then to E —, where I hear many souls are converted at the preachings, and I should like to hear Mr. — preach. I am going to take Rachel, one of my apprentices (for she is a dressmaker), with nae, and I hope she will be saved.”

About ten days after, I received a letter from L—, full of joy, saying how the Lord had indeed answered her expectations, for Rachel was converted; the very first evening she went to the hall, the Lord said to her soul, “Thy sins are forgiven thee.”

Now, dear reader, faith and works must go together; those four men worked pretty hard, to lay the palsied man at the feet of Jesus, and L—took a long journey to get Rachel under the sound of the Gospel. May the Lord Jesus give us wisdom to use the means, and faith to believe in His willingness and power to save souls, that much glory may be brought to His name. F. G.

“Am I All Right?”

ONE Lord's day morning my door-bell rang at an early hour, and before I had commenced to dress myself the message was brought up to me, "Will you please come and see Mrs. —? she very ranch wishes to see you. And will you, please, come at once?"

I knew that the person whose name was mentioned was at the time lying very ill, and having hastily dressed, and bidden my dear wife not to wait for me for breakfast, I hurried off, looking to the Lord to give the suited word.

A few moments more and I was sitting at her bedside. She scarcely waited to hear my few enquiries as to her present bodily condition, before she fixed her eyes upon me, and with intense earnestness said, "Am I all right?"

One glance at the questioner was sufficient to convince me that what men speak of as death would very soon take possession of her now suffering body. And it was evident that in asking this question she was not thinking so much of the great change that would soon come, affecting her poor body, as of the destiny of her immortal soul.

Being consciously brought face to face with eternal realities, in evident anxiety of mind, she put to me the momentous question, "Am I all right?"

Was she one who had put off seeking Christ and salvation through His finished work until she came to a death-bed, as too many have done? By no means. She had been for years a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Is some unsaved reader inclined to say, "What! a dying believer in anxiety of mind as to the destiny of her soul? why, I thought that of all persons believers were exempt from such an experience!"

To such my answer would be, "Before you read any further, pray answer me this one question 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?'"

Those who have yielded to the temptation not to seek their soul's salvation until they are brought to a death-bed, at their own peril ignore, the fact that the moment of severest physical pain and weakness is also the very moment during which the enemy of souls will leave no stone unturned in his effort to tighten the chains that already encircle his poor deluded victims, or to harass those whom he seeks if it were possible to devour. Full many a dying believer has protested, "If I had put off my soul's salvation until I came to my death-bed, it would seem impossible for me to have sought the Saviour now." Remember this, you who are putting off decision for Christ until you reach your death-bed, that, to a dying Christ rejecter, there is no name, the mention of which is, more terrible than the name of Him through whom we preach the forgiveness of sins.

"Am I all right?"

Before I ventured to answer this question I deemed it essential to ask several others.

“Do you know yourself to be a sinner? “

“Yes.”

“Do you believe that Jesus is the Saviour?”

“Yes.”

“Do you believe that His blood cleanseth from all sin?”

“Yes.”

“Can you save yourself by any efforts of your own?”

“No.”

“Do you believe that Christ is willing to save yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Are you content to be saved by Him, just as you are, and without any efforts of your own to save yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Well, then, if you believe that Christ is both able and willing to save you, and you are content to be saved by Him. His own word assures us, ‘Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out?’ What more do you want?”

Poor woman, because in a moment of weakness she had failed to look off unto Jesus, the enemy had obtained an advantage. I pointed her to Jesus, and told the sweet story of old in her hearing and we prayed together.

I called several times during the day and in the evening I found her weaker than ever, but her relatives told me that she had been singing hymns of praise.

Her case was simply this. She had commenced to descend into the valley of the shadow of death without realizing that the Saviour was present with her; but when her eyes were once more fixed simply upon Himself, she must needs, as she journeyed onwards, sing for very joy of heart, because her Lord was with her, and His rod and His staff comforted her. Then she needed no word of assurance from my lips to testify that she was all right. But, beloved reader, if you have not the Spirit of God, you are none of His. He that has not Christ within cannot be “all right” for eternity. But he who believes has nothing to fear. A. J.

Another Warning

THE usual gospel service in — Hall was over, and as the people passed out a gospel paper was given to each one. Amongst those who had been present that evening, was Mrs. S—, although it was not her custom to attend such meetings regularly, for she was united to one who lived in open defiance of God, and who opposed those who sought to please Him. Mrs. S — had been converted when young, but having, knowingly, married an ungodly man, she had to reap the bitter fruits of such an unhallowed union, and had wandered away from the Lord. But the good Shepherd who goes after the wandering sheep until He find it, had directed her steps into — Hall that night, and that little paper which she took home contained a message for her own soul, and a solemn warning for her husband. He was a terrible drunkard and blasphemer, and one who did not hesitate to suggest doubts as to the truths of the Bible.

On this particular evening of which I write, he was sufficiently sober to allow his wife to read to him before he went off, as usual, to the public house, and so she read the little tract that had just been given to her. It contained an account of the awful end of a drunkard who fell down dead in a public house. Soon after, Mr. S.'s companions in evil came, as their custom was, to fetch him out. He seemed to have some twinges of conscience, and said to his wife, "It is the company I like; I shouldn't go if it were not for that." He went, nevertheless, and came back in his usual state of intoxication.

The circumstances, just related, occurred within a few weeks of Christmas-day. When that day came, Mr. and Mrs. S—went to the house of one with whom they had business relations, who had sent them a very pressing invitation to spend the day there. There was no lack of wine and spirits of all kinds, and none could restrain this poor wretched slave of drink from satisfying his terrible craving. When a drive was proposed and decided on, it is not difficult to imagine the use Mr. S — made of the opportunities afforded when halting at different inns on the road. And so the poor drunkard at last, when attempting to alight from the waggonette, fell forward on his face insensible. He was taken home, but concussion of the brain had been caused by the fall, and in eight days he died. He was in a stupor all that time, with scarcely any intermission, and when there was a few minutes' consciousness, nothing transpired to show that he was alive to the state of either soul or body. As he lived so he died. What an awful ending to a godless life!

Poor Mrs. S—can never forget that awful week, and it will ever be a lasting regret with her that, in the few moments of consciousness, not a word was said to him as to his danger. It is not easy to speak to others when we are not in communion with God ourselves. She has said to me since that all the unhappiness she suffered during the eleven years of her married life was the result of her own wilfulness in marrying one whom she knew to be an ungodly man.

Reader, pause and think whether this sad story may not be God's warning voice to you. No, you say, thank God I am not a drunkard, and this incident contains no warning for me. Then let me ask you, if you are a sober, respectable member of society, yet still unsaved, are you seeking to wrap your guilty soul in a robe of self-righteousness? Suddenly you may be cut off, although under

different circumstances from the one whose awful end I have just related. But the end must surely come, sooner or later, and I would say, in view of that solemn moment, dear reader, are you ready to meet God?

In Rev. 21:8 we read a long and awful list of those who are shut out of the holy city, and not the evil-livers only, but the “unbelieving” are named in it. Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Can you say, He is my Saviour? Oh! receive now by faith the salvation which He finished on the cross. Delay not, lest you find yourself at last outside mercy’s closed door. Now the gate stands wide open, but it will not always be so. Jesus, the Saviour, who waits to receive the sinner, and to speak peace to the troubled soul now in this day of grace, will judge the world hereafter. Will you meet Him now as your Saviour? L.

A Craving for Death

"I HAVE a craving for death." These words were uttered by one whose worldly prospects were good, but to whom life had no charms, and he longed to die. So great did this longing for death become, that he attempted to take his own life. What a world of sin and grief this is! The rich find no lasting happiness in their riches, nor the learned in their books. Fame's diadem fades upon the grave, and every voice of earthly love is stilled when heart and pulse are still.

Reader! for what do you crave? Do you not crave for happiness and life? For the happiness of sins forgiven, and the life that is eternal?

Christ gives both. He says, "Come unto Me..., and I will give you rest." The Apostle says of Jesus, "Whom to know is life eternal."

The longings of Paul's heart were all for Christ. He craved "to know Him, and the power of His resurrection." He longed "to awake with His likeness," and "to be found in Him." Yes, none but Christ can satisfy; and the heart will crave forever unless Christ satisfies it. Then come to Jesus, as you are, with the wants of all your life, and He Who blessed the woman at the well, and the thief upon the cross, will bless you with eternal happiness, and fill you to overflowing with the joy of His presence, and the peace that passeth understanding.

Unconditional Forgiveness

THE blood of Christ is the ground of our forgiveness, and the riches of God's grace the standard. Conditional forgiveness would be law, not grace. Partial forgiveness would reflect no glory on the blood of Jesus; but full unconditional forgiveness proves God's estimate of the blood, and shows that all blessing depends exclusively upon its value. We are forgiven, then, according to the value of the blood of Christ, and according to the riches of divine grace. We needed redemption and forgiveness, not according to our thoughts and feelings, but according to God's thoughts and counsels, and we have them—have them now; and have both in connection with the Person of Christ. This is everything! We have redemption and forgiveness in Him. God is glorified, the riches of His grace are displayed, and our cup of blessing overflows.

Kind hearts are here, yet would the tenderest one

Have limits to its mercy — GOD has none;

And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,

And yet he stoops to give it: more complete

Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,

And pleads with thee to raise it; only heaven

Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says FORGIVEN.

But some will say, "How is it, then, that I still feel sin working in my heart, if I am so fully forgiven — so richly blessed?" True, sin still remains in the heart. But has God anywhere said that He has put away sin from the believer's heart? I am sure He has not. What then? He put it away on the cross; He has not put it away from your heart. But just because it was put away on the cross, He has forgiven you, and all who believe in Jesus. Therefore God rests on the completed work of the cross, and that is where you should rest.

There is no other ground of rest for a guilty soul in the universe; but faith in the cross, however weak, draws down God's deepest compassion, and the riches of His grace. But, on the other hand, all confidence, however strong, that is not founded on the cross, is without God's approval, and must come to nothing. Be content then to know that God dealt with thy sins in the Person of thy Substitute on the cross, and put them away by the shedding of His blood. The whole question of sin, as to every believer, is settled and sealed in the blood of God's dear Son. But, again, the uneasy soul will say, "I am sure I sin daily, and if I live till tomorrow I shall be sinning again, let me watch against it as I may. What am I to think of these sins?" Think of them, O believer, humiliating as they are, as having been judged by God in the Person of His Son on the cross. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2:24). This will work in thy soul a deeper sense of His love, and of the hatefulness of sin, than anything else can. All true, honest self-judgment of sin is founded on the assurance that it was divinely judged on the cross. When thou halt no doubt

that God judged and put away these very sins on the cross, then thou canst judge them in His holy presence. Self-judgment must go on as long as we are in this world, for sin will exist as long as we are here. But the divine judgment of sin was executed once and finished. "It is finished" should give perfect rest as to divine judgment of sin.

A. M.

The Rest Awhile

“Come unto the desert now and rest awhile.”

His word has come,

“Take up the cross I give and follow on.”

And if the road seems lone, or dark, or dim,

It leads to Him.

I may not know,

The mystery of all my life below;

There always will be shadows on life's road;

Beyond is God.

And I shall see,

That face in light, that once was dark for me;

And catch the radiance of that brow divine

Where thorns did twine.

I have been weak,

And left the battle front for calm retreat,

But still I keep my face towards the strife,

And long for life.

And yet awhile,

I must in quiet linger by the spoil,

While others in the ranks are striving still,

To do His will.

I would be where

I still can shine for Him in silence there,

If not a star, yet still amid earth's dark,

A glow-worm's spark.

And if in tears

I miss my way, or tread 'mid brooding fears;
Take Thou my hand, my Father, and my Friend,
Right to the end.
It will be well,
In other days the mystery to tell,
Of earth, and life, and the life's workings too,
When all is new.
Enough for now,
To feel God's diadem about my brow;
To feel heaven near me as I live and move
In God's own love.

“One at a Time.”

Who of my readers that has been to Woolwich and walked on the common has not noticed that strange looking round building, like an enormous bell tent, raising its head amidst a nook of trees, just inside some earth works, called the Repository — its own name, the Rotunda, from its circular form? Originally it had been erected in one of the parks of London, to enable the then Prince Regent to entertain the allied Sovereigns in 1814 after the peace then lately made; but subsequently it was transferred to its present situation, to serve as the receptacle for all sorts of military curiosities, models of fortresses, specimens of arms, ammunition, and such like.

Perhaps my reader has on some bank holidays or other recreation time, gone into the Rotunda and looked around, lost in wonder at the multiplicity of things to be inspected, and wondering where to commence, until accosted by the retired non-commissioned officer of the Royal Artillery, whose duty it was, with the assistants' under him, to care for the contents, and also conduct visitors round the building, explaining this, and answering questions as to that; and if so, I suspect more than details connected with the military trophies and models has reached your ear. The then superintendent was ever seeking for opportunity to speak of that Saviour, whom he knew died for him, and for that Master, whose service is perfect freedom. He was ever on the look out to attract sinners to Christ, telling them of Him and His finished work for such.

Beloved J—D—! your work is over. Your crown is won. Your warfare is accomplished. Thou art gone to be with Him who loved thee and gave Himself for thee, as thou didst well know; and enjoying the truth of it thyself, didst seek to bring others into the same circle of blessing, of which Christ Himself is the magnificent Centre, His Blessed person, His atoning, and God-accepted work.

My reader, let me ask you, should you have ever been spoken to as to your eternal interests by the one above alluded to, how is it as to your soul? Will J —D — rise up in judgment against you, or will you be among those, many, thank God, who will rise up and call him blessed? May J—D — being dead, yet speak.

Well, I had not visited the Rotunda for fifty years; not since my father, resigning his appointment in the garrison, left for a distant part of the country; but almost infantine recollections (I was about seven then) are not easily effaced, and I remembered and asked for many objects which as a child attracted me. May it be so with you as to some word spoken by your father or mother, now in glory, lain dormant in your memory for half-a-century perhaps, be quickened and vivified by the Holy Spirit and bring forth fruit, like as I have seen grains of wheat taken from the Mummy pits in Egypt, when put into the ground in this country, watered of the dew and rain from heaven, shined upon by God's sun, spring up and bear fruit even after 4000 years of apparent deadness.

But to return. My last visit has left its indelible mark on my memory, as talking over days gone by and persons departed, J—D—was kindly showing the round, and in between his explanations we heard little words about the wondrous ways and love of God in picking up such fellows in His grace. Amongst other things we arrived at a model for saving life from a wreck. One could not but

be thankful at a life-saving apparatus amidst so many death dealing weapons. While explaining its working, which at once seemed simple and effective (the model consisting of a wreck on shore, but from the shore to the ship thick ropes had, been made fast, along which was the representation of a large basket, in which was seated a doll, depicting the person coming safely ashore from the breaking-up wreck), J—D — said this very model gave him the opportunity of putting the Gospel to a party he was showing round the place.

He went on to say it consisted of a very stately lady and several young ones with her. She had driven up in her carriage, and having alighted at the door of the Rotunda, was being escorted round the place. On coming to this model, our friend was giving details as to its working and showing off its merits, when the lady threw up her head and turned up her nose and said, "I don't think anything of that; the people can only be saved one at a time!"

"That is how God saves sinners, lady," replied J —D—; "and that is how you must be saved; one at a time, lady," with much respect but firmness.

"What do you mean?" drawing herself up and not a little offended, said the haughty woman; "I don't understand you."

J — D — repeated his remark, called forth by the lady's retort as to thinking nothing of the life saving apparatus, as people could only be saved "One at a time!" and obtained the attention and interest of the whole party, as he sought to show God's plan of salvation; His love, His gift of Jesus, the sinner's need and helplessness, and how that salvation is an individual, "One at a time," personal matter, and in his own meek and quiet manner pressed the truth home, till all, even the proud dame herself, were sobered and softened, and at the end thanked him.

"The day" alone will declare the result as to the hearers; the speaker was clear of their blood; his responsibility ended, theirs commenced. May that bow, drawn at a venture, have been used by God to carry the polished shaft of His truth to both heart and conscience of each individual of that party. Will each and all of them meet their teacher, where he now is, with Christ, the "far better;" or — oh! the terrible alternative, rejecting the truth, be lost forever? If the former, they will then own, if not before, "Yes, J—D —, you WERE right; it WAS one at a time!" My reader, have you owned to this? To the "One at a timeness — the individuality of salvation? Not by parishes, or streets, or in families, but "one at a time," one by one, individual.

One has only to go to the word of God to see this. Take the jailer at Philippi (Acts 16), what was his cry? "What must I (not we) do to be saved?" and the Apostle's answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU (not you, plural) shalt be saved." How dear people speak of "our Saviour," "our Father," do they not? But the moment they are asked, "Is Jesus your own Saviour? do you know God as your own Father?" how they bristle up, just like the lady in question, and often say, "What is that to you? mind your own business." Patience, dear friend, it is my own business, the blessed, happy business and privilege of every one who knows, on the warrant of God's word, that they are saved, to seek to lead souls individually to that more than lifesaving apparatus from temporal shipwreck, to the Christ of God, the Saviour of sinners, but the Saviour individually, "one at a time."

Will you give up the vague generality of "our" for "MY?" the individual one at a time, "MY?" Don't think it presumption to do it, dear friend; quite the reverse.

Was it presumption in the chief of sinners to say, "He loved ME, and gave Himself for ME?" "I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have entrusted to Him?" Was it wrong for Job to utter, "I know that MY Redeemer liveth?"

Presumption in Job and Paul, was it? No, you would not like to say that, but "I am such a sinner." Are you? thank God, then, you know and own it; but you can't be more than "chief of sinners," or say, "I am vile," with Job, "I am undone," with Isaiah, "a sinful man," with Peter; but having said all that, get oil, as He would have you, Who died for you.

I the chief of sinners am, BUT Jesus died for ME! Yes, the individual "I," "Me" "one at a time," instead of the unsatisfactory and unsatisfying "OUR."

Well, dear reader, may God, Who used the blowing of rams' horns to knock down the walls of Jericho, the crow of a cock to arouse Peter's conscience, reach your soul, bringing you on your face before Him, and learn He wounds to heal, He kills but to make alive. Then you may know, and that before you lay down this little paper, that while what God offers is a full, a free, an eternal salvation, it is individual, personal, "One at a time" salvation. Then you will rejoice in Him as "God MY Saviour," and rejoice in "He loved me and gave Himself for me," And don't put it off. The wreck of the poor world is fast going to pieces, "Now is the accepted time; today, THE day of salvation."
S. V. H.

Approach to God

THE manner in which we approach God is of vital importance, and only in His word can we learn how we may rightly do this. We are not astonished at care and anxiety in any communication with an earthly potentate, but, on the contrary, if ourselves summoned to appear, should seek all available information as to what became us in our relationship to him. A man who ignored these points would be accounted a fool, for in all probability his contempt or negligence would recoil upon himself, for it would not do to trust one's own opinion or good sense in such matters, especially when there are established rules existing.

Even people who would acknowledge this in everyday life, nevertheless rarely reflect on what becomes them in their relationship to God. We must all have to do with Him, and the summons may come at any moment. Let us be prepared, and approach Him acceptably by heeding His instructions.

Jesus, who is the Word of God — the Revealer of God's mind towards us — declares, "I am the way, the truth, and the life no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." As the trusty Alpine guide tells the inexperienced traveler that he cannot reach those lofty heights but by his aid and guidance, so Jesus tells us that there is no approach to God but by the way He has made. Yes, dear friend, the awful gulf which sin had created must first of all be bridged; mercy and truth had to be united before peace could righteously be extended to man.

For this undeniable and universal indictment, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," is gone forth; every mouth is stopped, for we are guilty before God; our relationship as children of Adam and unsaved is that of sinners; and our position one of alienation. From God must proceed the overture; our lips must be silent; in ourselves we have nothing to plead, for God declares our righteousness to be as filthy rags. On this ground of silence, distance, and alienation — in ourselves hopelessly ruined — the gospel of God's grace is extended through the work of Christ, in such terms, too, as might well break down the proudest heart that has hitherto rebelled. Listen to the language the Apostle Paul employs, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him (who knew no sin) to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

As we pause at this wondrous scripture, let us review these points. The question of sin, dear reader, you cannot deny; the consequent alienation from God it is not in your power to contend over, for you yourself are the offender, and God declares that it is so. He is at purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and we are enemies in mind by wicked works. Such being the case, then, have you ever heard of such love, that while extending His grace, God should maintain His Holy character at the cost of the life blood of His only begotten Son.

God would not offer you such a pardon at the expense of His righteousness. You would value such as little as you would the action of a magistrate who abused his authority to release a

prisoner in his pity towards him. Such a cheap kind of grace could but excite in the prisoner contempt of law and order, without one spark of affection towards the one of whom it had cost nothing. God's grace is on the ground of righteousness. He offers you a free pardon because at the highest cost to Himself He has executed sentence on the Lord Jesus Christ. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." It is not mere overlooking your sins, but a pardon, in which He would violate His own intrinsic holiness to withhold from the believer, since he has demanded the penalty at the hands of His own Son. Moreover, He has signified His complete satisfaction in the work of Christ by raising Him from the dead. "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

Oh, do for once look at the cross of Christ, and yielding your hard thoughts, see God in His true character, see there the depth of His love. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "By Him all that believe are justified from all things."

Can it be that you will slight the work of Christ, and deliberately choose to brave the awful tempest of God's wrath against sin? E. W. O.

“Father will you Forgive Me?”

“THE Lord Jesus says, ‘He that heareth my words’ — have you heard His words?” “Yes, I have.”

“Then you have everlasting life.”

“Oh, I cannot say that.”

“But it is God Who says it. Now, just listen one moment, while I repeat the whole verse. ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.’ Cannot you believe God’s word?”

“Oh, yes, I believe what He says, every word of it.”

“Then you have ‘everlasting life.’”

“No, I cannot say that; I wish I could.”

Poor man, I had found him in one of the sick wards some weeks before. Since then both my brother and myself had spoken to him. He always listened with great apparent attention, and readily answered our questions, and now I perceived he was alternating between hope and fear, being “swift to hear” the good news, but at the same time very slow to set to his seal that God is true. For all that the word of God expressly says, “In Whom (Christ) we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins,” he seemed to think he must continue to ask for the forgiveness of his sins. The word of God says, “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Full and open confession of sin is much more humbling and heart-searching than is continual asking for forgiveness simply.

A I said, “You have a son.”

“Yes, I have. Do you ever see him?”

“I do sometimes; but now I want you to go back in your recollection of him to the time when he was a little boy. Was he ever naughty then?”

“Yes, very often.”

“And did you ever forgive him after he had been naughty?”

“Yes, a good many times.”

“Now, then, if after he had been naughty, and you had told him that you had forgiven him, he came to you and said, ‘Father, will you forgive me?’ would you not think this strange?”

“Yes, I should.”

“And if he came the second time, and said, ‘Father, will you forgive me?’ would you not think this more strange?”

“I should think it was.”

“And if he came the third time and asked for your forgiveness for that one offence, would you not think it even more strange?”

“Yes”

“And if he continued to ask for forgiveness after you had told him that you had already forgiven him, would you not have presently lost all patience and answered him sharply, ‘Have I not already told you that I have forgiven you; cannot you believe my words?’”

“Yes, I should have got quite angry with him.”

“Well, then, what does God think of you, if you will keep on asking him for the forgiveness of all your sins, after He has Himself said, ‘I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins,’ &c. Surely you ought to believe His words.”

Still he lacked full assurance of faith. I presently turned to Isaiah 53:5, which I read, but substituted his own name for the words “our” and “we,” where these latter occur in this verse.

I was compelled to leave his bedside rather abruptly, as the time had come for visitors to leave the hospital. And since then, up to the time of my writing this, I have not seen him. Should we meet again on earth, I do desire, for his own sake, that I shall find him in possession of that faith that believes to the saving of the soul.

Meanwhile, I would address these few words of earnest remonstrance to any reader who readily admits the truth of God’s word, while hesitating “to come unto the knowledge of the truth.” Dost thou believe on the Son of God? If thou dost, thou hast everlasting life, even as it is written, “He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,” Thou also desirest to be kept back from presumptuous sins, but beware lest thou shouldst be found guilty of asking for what God says thou hast already; and whom then dost thou believe, if thou doubttest His word? Again, did he who was sick of the palsy ask for the forgiveness of his sins after the Lord had said unto him, “Son, thy sins be forgiven thee?” Did she, who stood at His feet weeping, and washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, &c., eoc., did she ask Him to forgive her after He had said unto her, “Thy sins are forgiven thee?”

Precious soul, if thou believest on the Son of God thou hast everlasting life; and in Him thou hast redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins. Why dost thou hesitate to return to give glory to God. A. J.

Old Nat; or, “But it’s the Blood, it’s the Blood.”

HOW often may we hear the expression from individuals, when spoken to on the subject of their soul’s salvation, “But I am so ignorant;” and how many there are, who really think, that to be saved one must be somewhat advanced intellectually.

The writer hopes the following story will help, such who are under the above impression, and give them to see it is not learning, or how much one knows, but a simple faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

Old Nat C — was terribly ignorant; he had from early days been compelled to work hard for his daily bread, and had had few opportunities for learning either to read or write. Naturally strong and robust, he also had found no time for considering his condition as to the next world, and no doubt thought the end to be far off. But God touched him, and the strong man bowed to His touch, and upon the bed of affliction his state as a sinner was put before him; that “all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:23), in answer to which he lost no time in owning he had been a great sinner; but now the all-important question came, how should HE be saved? The great blood shedding of Christ was spoken of, but still he could not comprehend; of the Lord Jesus undertaking for the sinner’s every need; this also he did not understand — everything seemed dark to him, as his own benighted mind.

There had passed away a little before one whom Nat had known well, one who, too, had lived a notoriously wicked life, but who through God’s grace and mercy had been brought to believe that “the blood of Jesus Christ God’s Son cleanseth us from ALL sin” (1 John 1:7), and the case of this one was brought before Old Nat. He quickly retorted, that he never had come up to him in wickedness, never had been guilty of such crime as he had committed. It was urged by his visitor that the one who had been guilty of such acts as Nat exclaimed he never had done was gone to be with Christ in glory, and solely because he had trusted Jesus and His finished work on Calvary’s cross; that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin. Very little more was said to him except that the precious blood of Christ was enough for the poor sinner’s need, and to meet the claims of a Holy God, and his visitor left him, never to see him again on earth.

In three days time, he passed away, but in the meanwhile was visited by one who endeavoured to persuade him that certain forms must be adhered to, “The Sacrament” must be partaken of and various ordinances gone through, ere he could be saved.

He was near his end then, and about his last words were, “Ah! but after all, it is the blood, it is the blood.”

Reader! what a testimony from one who knew little else but the struggle for the bread that perisheth; and what joy was there that night in heaven, in the presence of the Angels of God, over another sinner brought to repentance.

You may perhaps remember an old proverb, “All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Recollect, too, God is no respecter of persons. Death comes to the hall and hut alike, to the rich and to the poor, to the nobleman as well as the pauper, and can you say your soul may not be required of you this very night?

Christ is coming to take His people to be with Himself forever. Will you be among them?

Death comes to many around. Is Christ YOUR LIFE? The judgment of the world hasteneth. Are YOU under the shelter of the blood?

Oh! sinner, trust the word of the Lord, who has said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you" (Ex. 12:12). Then, when Jesus comes, you will go to be with Him for all eternity. If death comes, He will be your life. if judgment comes, His blood will be your shelter.

May God help many who read this simple story to take courage and to say as one of old said, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!" E. J. K.

“I Thought You Would not Wish to see Me if I was so Wicked!”

MRS. L — was introduced by a Christian friend to a Bible Class held on Sunday afternoons at S—.

Though still young, there was such a look of sadness and care on her face, that the one who conducted the class could not but feel a sympathizing interest in her, and invited her to spend an hour with her as often as she had leisure.

As she was in a house of business, and knew no one out of the house, she was pleased to come, and it was not long before the secret was revealed.

She was married very young with every prospect of happiness. But, alas! for the joys whose springs are on earth! It was not long before her husband was drawn into bad company, which led him to neglect his wife and home, and soon after the birth of a second child, to forsake them altogether.

Her heart was almost broken, and she knew not the Lord in His power and grace; so no wonder that her health and spirits failed; and, fearing that she would fall into a decline, her friends advised her to give up her home and go into a house of business⁴, while they kindly undertook the care of her children.

She came to S—, and soon found a friend in the house, Miss W —, who introduced her to me. She was much interested in reading the word of God, and frequently asked questions. She was pleased to stay to tea on the Lord's day, and to come in for an hour in the evenings she was at liberty; but there was a deep unrest which no human sympathy could reach. She felt that she had been terribly illused, and that she had not deserved it, for she had “always tried to do right.” In answer to my enquiries, she said she had “always been a Christian, had always loved the Lord” — plain proof that she was yet in darkness.

One evening when she came, I read the third chapter of Romans, and endeavoured to bring before her what we were by nature, and then prayed the Lord to open her eyes, as He had opened mine. She said but little, and left earlier than usual; and the two following Lord's days her seat in the class was vacant, nor did I see her during the week.

The second week she called on her accustomed evening, and I received her affectionately, as usual, but noticed that she was cool. Upon my telling her that I had been anxious about her absence, fearing, something was the matter, she said with much feeling, “I thought you would not wish to see me if I was so wicked, and I wondered at your receiving me now as you did!”

We went again to our chapter, Romans 3, and I asked her if she did not remember that I said those verses described me and all others by nature?

She did, but could not imagine that I could think myself so bad, and therefore must mean her.

Again I put before her that it was God's word, not mine; asking if she did not believe what He said — pleading with her that surely the Lord Jesus would not have come down to earth, and suffered

such a death of agony and woe, had. not our case been desperate — that He Himself had said He “came to seek and to save that which was lost” — that I had seen myself a lost sinner, and had found in Him a Saviour. She was much distressed — it was hard to take such a place; but she thanked me for my care for her, and left me affectionately. The next Sunday afternoon she was in her accustomed place, but asked no question.

Her attention was rivetted, and it was evident she was much exercised; and in conversation with her afterwards she said she believed what God said about her, she felt herself a lost sinner, but knew that Jesus came to seek and to save such. Her eyes were opened, and she wondered now at her former blindness as much as she had wondered why Miss W — and I were so anxious about her. But she did not stop there; she “believed the record that God gave of His Son,” and knew that all her sins were cleansed away by His precious blood, and that she had eternal life in Him. Yes, she was “a new creature in Christ Jesus;” and her own righteousness, which she had, been so anxious to maintain, was cast away as “filthy rags.”

The look of unrest was gone, for the “peace of God” filled her heart.

I have nothing to add to this simple account but the entreaty that you, dear reader, will give up your own thoughts about yourself, and believe what God says; then surely you will cry aloud to Him, and He will save you, cleanse you from all sin by that precious blood shed on Calvary, bind up your broken heart, as He did dear Mrs. L — ‘s, and “fill you with peace and joy in believing.” P.

The Prince and the Beggar Maiden

Outside the palace gardens of the king,
A little beggar-maiden stood one day;
Gazing between the massive iron gates,
Watching with wistful eyes the children play.
On either side where'er she looks around,
Are flowers of every shape and hue and shade;
"It must be Paradise," she whispered low,
"Such lovely things can only there be made."
And as she gazed the little prince came by,
A page behind, with shuttle-cock and bat;
He saw her there, and pausing asked surprised,
"What makes you look so sad, and sigh like that?"
"Because I have no flowers, like you," she said,
"And, oh! it seems so very hard to see,
How God can love us all alike, when He
Gives all these things to you and none to me."
Without a word the little prince stooped down,
And plucked with eager hand some pansies fair;
The page, in consternation, bid him move,
For fear the king should see him talking there.
Not deigning to reply, the boy pushed past,
With flushing cheeks and eyes that shone like stars;
"She'll know He loves her now," he murmured low.
And thrust the glowing flowers between the bars.
And when she tried to thank him, he replied,
"They do not come from me, God sent them you;

Our Father loves us all, so take the flowers
From Him, and never doubt that He is true.”

M.F.S.

Life from the Dead

IN Ephesians 2 we find it stated in plainest terms, that, when we were dead in sins, God quickened us together with Christ. We must begin, in our meditations on the subject, in the region of death. We start from the tomb; we land in glory. God quickens out of the grave. We were dead in our trespasses and sins. That is, we were without spiritual life. Mark this carefully: we were without the least movement of spiritual life. "We were dead in sins."

But when we were thus dead in sins, the blessed Lord lay dead for sins. At that solemn moment all were dead. The first Adam dead in sin, the last Adam dead for sin. Not a breath stirred to disturb the deep silence of death. It was as if the vessel had sunk and the waves closed over it. But now, when man could contribute nothing towards the great work, God enters the scene; but He enters it as the God of resurrection. He only can plant the pulse of life in a dead soul, "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." But to know our blessing we must see it in Christ; so we turn to Him, and meditate on what He is in God's sight. He died for us — forever blessed be His name! The Holy One, the spotless Lamb of God, died for us. The awful question of sin which stood against us, He answered on the cross and settled for ever. God was thus glorified, and the way opened for Him to show His love to us according to all that was in His heart. But He who had gone down under death as the judgment of God on our sins, was raised up again, and we were raised with Him.

Here God alone as the great Workman fills the scene. He is free to act, and acts towards the objects of His love in richest grace. He works, not only to meet their wants, but to glorify His own name. Sin, has been blotted out by the shed, blood of His dear Son, all His past ways have been vindicated, and His name glorified. His rich mercy and His great love characterizes the great work. Christ is brought forth from under the power of death, and we are brought forth with Him. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." Thus we are associated with the risen Christ by the quickening power of God, in the most real, intimate, and blessed way. We have life in union with Him who is before God as His supreme delight, and we are associated with Him in all the blessed realities of His life.

And what more, dear fellow-believer, can be said or thought of P This is the great truth of Christianity — Christ's own life is ours. The place and privileges that belong to this life, as now seen in Christ before God, are ours. Hence it is said that we are not only quickened together, raised up together, but seated together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

Salvation, according to this epistle, is a present reality. We are as really saved now as ever we can be. "By grace ye are saved." Though salvation is spoken of in some of the other epistles as future, it is not less certain, but viewed as the end of our journey when we shall stand before Christ in glory; when all the trials, the difficulties, and dangers of the way shall be left behind. A.M.

The Vessel

“Filled in all the fullness of God.”

Oh! is it come — the sweet and blessed calm,
Foreseen and hoped for through those darksome years
Of anguish and of dread? Here, here at last,
I, a deep vessel in the shoreless sea
Of Thine own fullness, O eternal God!
Filled in that fullness, find my prayers, my hopes,
All, all fulfilled, and nothing more to crave.
The bright reality, the thing itself
Transcends all thought, eclipses every hope;
Dwelling in God, by God indwelt, I know
Love in its fullness, life to me is bliss;
All, all within, beneath, around, above,
Speak but of Thee, and tell me what I am,
The happiest of the happy! O thou peerless One!
Great God revealed in flesh, the living link
‘Twixt Godhead and my soul! be Thine the praise,
The loving worship of a loving heart
Rich in Thyself; for, oh, however filled,
Howe’er exalted, holy, undefiled,
Whatever wealth of blessedness is mine,
What am I Lord! — an emptiness, a nothing.
Thou art my boast, in Whom all fullness dwells
Of the great Godhead; Thou Whose name I bear,
Whose life is mine, Whose glory, and Whose bliss,
All, all are mine

E. D.

The First Offer

NOT long since, a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, when the following conversation occurred: —

“It is true,” said the merchant, “I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not of a ‘settled mind in religion,’ as you express it. Still, I am not utterly hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour.”

“Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour’s parable of the loitering laborers who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that these men accepted the first offer.”

“Is that so?”

“Certainly. They said to the Lord of the vineyard, ‘No man hath hired us.’ They welcomed his first offer immediately.”

“True; I had not thought of that before. But then, the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved.”

“Yes; but is it likely that even he had ever rejected an offer of salvation as preached by Christ and His Apostles? Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts and haunts to which he had been accustomed, the Gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?”

“Why you seem anxious to quench my last spark of hope.”

“Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion. You have really no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! Begin now!” “How shall I begin?”

“Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the great Physician, in order to be healed. So commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love. The next, even the most common duty of life that you have to perform, do it as service unto Him, remembering that ‘ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body.’ Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay — BEWARE.”

“You are right. May God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreaming delusion on this subject.” EXTRACTED.

Sorrow's Diadem

“Learn to suffer without complaining.”

(Some of the Emperor Frederick's last words.)

“Learn to suffer!” ‘tis a lesson that the life does well to know,
Though the heart may beat in sadness, and the clouds may hover low;
The iron crown of suffering may press the weary head,
And cypress hang about the path, our faltering footsteps tread.

“Learn to suffer!” ‘tis a glory that shall shine about the strife;

“Learn to suffer!” ‘tis a triumph that shall sanctify the life;

“Learn to suffer!” for life's leading strings are in the hands of love;
And those who weep in sackcloth here, shall walk in white above.

“Learn to suffer!” yes, He calls me to tread the valley dim,

The mists around me rising, but I love to follow Him;

I pass the grave of many a hope, the scene of many a prayer,
And where the fount of tears has flowed, I've been with Jesus there.

I pass through many a shadow, to the golden gates beyond;

Through the sense of human weakness, to the triumph of the strong:

Through the storm of life's wild ocean, to the quiet haven home;

Through the busy hours of labor, to the rest of labor done.

My King once bowed His lowly head, and laid His scepter by,

And for the Kingly raiment His, wore our humanity;

His footsteps mark this desert scene, where thorns and briars grow,

A Stranger in a hostile world, where few His glory know.

My Lord! I bear Thy blessed name, and I will bear Thy cross,

And in a world that cast Thee out, I count its gain my lose;

And I would learn to suffer here, and more like Jesus be —

And where the “Man of sorrows,” wept, His blest companion be.

The Sinner's Position

YOU must be saved from your sins, or you will go from the years of time to the eternity of hell. The world you live in is shrouded by the darkness of sin; and your sins have helped to make it dark. You, as an unbeliever, are "sitting in darkness, and the shadow of death." You have, upon your brow, the word SINNER written — for "ALL HAVE SINNED." You may have thought, by deeds of human righteousness, to win favor from a holy God; but the effort has been, and will be, vain, for it is written, "There is none righteous, no, not one." There is no exception to this universal word. It is also written, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." In His sight, recollect, the God with whom you must have to do.

You may have thought your knowledge of right and wrong was perfect, and your understanding it could not lead you astray; but you have been walking "in the light of the sparks of your own kindling" — for the testimony of God declares, "There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God."

Your way, as a sinner, has been, and is, the way of sin, the way of death, the way to hell. You have gone with the many, away from God; and God, looking at you and them, says, "They are ALL gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is NONE that doeth good, no, NOT ONE." If God says this, it must be true, and God has said it. What, then, of the path you tread? You may have been treading it with a light heart, and in fancied security; it may have seemed a right path to you; but "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Human reason is a light that leads to the bottomless pit, and the thoughts of man are but evil continually.

Every one is born into the world a lost sinner, "born in sin" — yes, born afar from God. Have you never thought of these things, and has not the shadow of your sin ever crossed your heart? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" and there will be no exception made in your case. And what is it to die?

Ask the lost in hell, to whom hope will never come; ask your own heart, as you ponder over the solemnities of eternity.

You must leave this world very soon. If my reader is old, his feet are on the threshold of eternity; and in middle age, men and women die; and many young men and maidens never pass the bloom of youth. Then let the question come earnestly from your heart now, "How can I be saved?"

The Voice of Christ

A voice comes from the radiant hills,
With God's own presence bright;
Its music winged with rapture thrills
"I am the Light."

And from supernal paths of peace,
And glorious gates of day,
Faith hears, amid the wilderness—
"I am the Way."

Lo! where the n1anhood of the skies
Glow with immortal youth,
Comes stilling earth's vain sophistries—
"I am the Truth."

It speaks with living, breathing power,
Above a world of strife;
It strikes the resurrection hour—
"I am the Life."

O voice divine, that speaks from heaven,
Thou art the Truth, the Way,
The Light, the Life, to sinners given;
Be ALL to us we pray.

The Madness of Men

OUTSIDE a certain Hall, where preaching was going on one Thursday evening, a dear Christian was trying to get men and women in. She, spoke to a gentleman who was passing, saying, "Will you come to the preaching tonight?"

He answered, " I am going down."

She looked him in the face, and replied, "WHERE?"

Ah! where? He passed on; but, my reader, where are you going?

The days and years tell is how we are going, but do you know where? You have only a short life on earth, and all your interests in this scene must cease when life departs. We bury our dead, we take their places, and do their work, but they are gone. They left their palaces, and their huts; their stately homes, and their squalid abodes; they disappeared from the throne, the council chamber, the mart, the workshop, and the home. They are gone, never to return. We are following on, and soon we too, shall be summoned to the presence of our God.

Why in the madness and infatuation of sin should you grasp so eagerly what you must give up so soon? Why are you so occupied with that which is before you but a day? Life is like gazing on the shifting scenes of a panorama; we gaze upon a scene depicted on the glowing canvas; it attracts our eyes, our gaze is rivetted upon it, when lo! it passes away, and another scene takes its place.

And so with our lives. Like the shifting canvas of a panorama, earthly scenes go by; this day delights us, but lo! it makes way for another; there is pleasure in the morning, and sorrow in the night; a blue sky at noontide, and thunder when the vesper song is sung. And soon the prompter's bell will cease to ring, and the blank curtain of death will descend to hide it all.

You have only a life interest in everything here; it behoves you to think of that which is beyond. This life is but the prelude to that which is to come; time but the opening door to the infinitude of eternity.

And yet sinners, in the madness of their unbelief, leave God and eternity out of all their calculations. **BUT YOU MUST HAVE TO DO WITH GOD.** Are you prepared to meet God? You know you would not be fit to stand before an earthly sovereign with rags upon you. Can you dare think of meeting God, covered with the filth of sin? What does the Psalmist say? "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Is your transgression forgiven? Is your sin covered? If not, you are afar from God by sin and wicked works; without God and without hope in the world.

Is it not madness to remain in this state when Christ has died for sinners? His precious blood was shed so that sinners might have their sins blotted out, and be made nigh to God.

A man blew out his brains the other day in the bar of a public-house, and another man cut his throat in the parlor of an inn. An aged woman drank two bottles of brandy between Sunday

morning and Tuesday, and then fell down dead. This is the penalty of sin-judgment overtaking the sinner. And how long will you escape? You may die suddenly-you may go at any moment. Will you be mad enough to leave the question of your soul's salvation unsettled?

Go down upon your knees now, and ask the Lord to save you, and HE WILL. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," are glorious words.

The Saviour loves to save; the Redeemer loves to redeem; the Son of God loves to bring the outcasts home to God.

Procrastination Is Folly

“I’m going to my Maker, and I’m not ready. Will no one read to me?”

Such were the words of a dying man a month ago, as his wife and children stood around his bed. The minister of the parish was sent for, but being away, did not get the message, and three days elapsed ere the scripture reader came. It was then too late. The poor man was rapidly passing away and did not seem to hear the invitations of the gospel. And so he died.

He was sixty-three years of age, and his grown-up sons and daughter were by his side, but not one could give him any comfort. Their parent had lived for the world and present pleasures, and trained his children for the same, and now in his dying hour those who might have comforted and spoken to him of Christ were silent, for they knew not Him Whom they and their parent needed.

Reader! Learn a moral from this incident. Many who: read it have often heard the gospel preached, and have been warned of the consequences of living and dying in their sins; have been spoken to of Jesus — the One Who knew no sin — made sin for us, “that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5:21); have heard of His precious blood which “cleanseth from all sin,” and yet are unsaved.

Friend! you have got to meet your Maker. Are you ready? You know not how soon the summons may come. The least probable often happens, and you cannot tell how soon your earthly career may be ended.

What about eternity? Which shall it be for you, Heaven or Hell?

Parents! you have children (God given) growing up around you. Shall it be that when you come to die your last testimony to them shall be, “I’m going to my Maker, and I’m not ready?”

Oh! unconverted parents, “Repent ye and believe the gospel.” Christ is willing to save you NOW, if you will only put your trust in Him.

Children! you have beloved Christian parents on their way to heaven. Parents who have often prayed for you, and long for your salvation. Many a night may have been spent by them in prayer for YOU, when you were fast asleep. Shall those prayers be in vain? It may be even, you have beloved ones in heaven, who on their dying bed invited you to meet them there, and told you of the words of Jesus, “I am the way, the truth, and the life,” and you promised to meet them again. Have you forgotten your promise?

Unsaved reader, old or young, I would ask you to pause and think. Eternity is before you; death is near; and you have to meet your Maker.

But there is salvation for you now. Jesus died and rose again. He died for sinners, even the chief, and His blood cleanseth us from all sin. Take your place before God now as a guilty sinner, and put your trust in Christ and His finished work, and prove the value of His precious blood, which “for ever speaks, in God’s Omniscient ear.” God help you to trust Christ as your Saviour! P. H. B.

No. 1

THERE are two kinds of cowards. Every man, woman, or child who is going on in sin is a coward the moment God's voice is heard, or the light of eternity dawns on them. Adam was a coward, and tried in vain to hide himself; and all the fallen race of Adam sooner or later will seek a hiding place from God. Some will call on the rocks and hills to fall on and hide them. Some are seeking in vain to hide behind some trees of self-righteousness; but the voice of God, sooner or later, shall be heard by thee, dear friend, the reader of this paper, saying, "Where art thou?"

That voice must be heard. And what will your answer be? Will you stand a found out guilty sinner in the presence of a Holy God, to own and feel with Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear?" Will it be your awful doom never more to hear the sweet voice of mercy saying, "Come;" never more to hear the earnest entreaties of friends who love thee and long for thy salvation? Will it be your portion never more to feel the striving of the Holy Spirit? God forbid! Now once more let me entreat thee; just as thou art, to turn to Him Who is still saying, "Come." The music of heaven is the voice of Jesus, and He is still saying, "Come."

His precious blood was shed to blot out the sinner's sins; trust it, believe on the One Who shed it, and then, not as a coward seeking to hide, but as a sinner confessing thy sin, come into the presence of Him Who is light and love, and know the peace that has been made by the precious blood that cleanseth from all sin.

Cowards. No. 2

It may be that you, reader, are a believer in the Lord Jesus, and have thanked Him for what He has done for you, but have not yet told even those you know that you are on the Lord's side. Meditate upon these solemn searching words, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10:32).

There is deep, true joy in confessing Him before others. A young convert told me, "I wrote to all my friends and told them I was converted, and I was so happy." Another young man when he was converted, and living with godless shopmates, thought, "How can I confess Christ before them." He slept in the same room with one of the very worst, and he was tempted to read his Bible in secret, and pray after he was in bed, not to be seen. But the thought of being a coward dispelled his fears, and led him at once to openly read and pray, and this filled his soul with joy and gave him victory.

May the Lord give you courage to confess Him before others, but never forget that the only power to do so is by keeping close to Him Who died for you. W. T.

The Brazen Serpent

Sweet type of the Saviour — the serpent of brass,
By Moses once set on the pole,
Of which it is written, “Who to it but looks,
Was made — at that moment — made whole.”
No matter if dying — life ebbing away,
The pulse beating languid and slow,
A look to the serpent, yea, only a look —
Caused life’s freshened current to flow.
And, lo! the sweet Antitype — Jesus, there see,
Upraised from the earth, on the cross!
And never a sinner who looks unto Him,
Shall know condemnation or loss!
To look is to live — eternally live,
And bask in the sunshine of heaven;
To heed not the message Is choosing to die,
Unblest, self-condemn’d, unforgiven!
O look, sinner, look! the poison extends!
And death is uprising in view;
It calls upon sin bitten sufferers to gaze, —
O listen, it calleth to you!
A.M.

“Bright, Bright, Bright.”

You should have seen the look which accompanied the above words, faintly whispered, for the poor body was almost worn out, and the battle for each breath had rendered the voice nearly inaudible; but there they were, distinct and emphatic, not a shadow of a doubt now.

It was in reply to a question, after repeating what one had often said to the now rapidly sinking — no, not sinking, but GOING up — one.

“Not a cloud above, not a spot within,
Christ died, then I AM clean!”

“Is it all bright, M—?”

“Bright, bright, bright,” was the Whispered answer.

On saying, “Farewell M —, God bless you,” not expecting to see him in the body again, though I knew I should meet him in glory, M — replied,

“He has blessed me and is blessing me!”

Do you want to know who the one was who said, “Bright, bright, bright,” my reader? Not to gratify curiosity, but looking up to God to bless it to some soul, as He alone can, also for a warning to others, and above all to show in some little measure the faithfulness of Him, Who in spite of the waywardness and naughtiness of His children, never leaves, never forsakes, and to exalt the riches of His grace — I will tell you a little.

M— had been in his youth a professor, a member of a church, as people say, but over whom the old enemy had been for a time permitted to have power, so as to drag him back into the world, and let him, as the prodigal, have a taste of the “far distant country,” and all its concomitants, the “husks,” the swine troughs, and all that.

When I was asked to visit him, he had been discharged from the service as being unfit through consumption to soldier any longer, and was evidently in the last stage of that fell disease.

Being an old soldier one’s self, one could talk to him of days gone by, the active service he had seen, the hardships gone through, the dangers delivered from, and we got on famously. But I found when one tried to touch upon the things of God and his soul’s salvation, there was a reticence and retreating into self, which to me was most painful, knowing I was dealing with a dying man. However one looked up, kept on visiting still the same, seeking to set before him THE important thing to one in such a state of health, for does not the word say, “Boast not thyself of TOMORROW” (Prov. 27:1), and “Now is the day of salvation” (2 Cor. 6:2)? The world says, “Tomorrow never comes,” it is always “tomorrow.” The Devil loves “tomorrow,” and if he can only get you to put off from God’s “NOW” to his “TOMORROW,” which never comes, the salvation of your soul, he will be delighted. Don’t please him.

Well, one was driven, shall I say, to the believer's remedy, refuge, resort, in his felt helplessness, to prayer, and prayer for this dear soul was asked for at a little meeting one attends, and where God has heard and answered prayer to him for individual souls — blessed be. His holy name, for His faithfulness— many a time.

M—got worse and worse, till now he was confined to bed, all hope of getting better given up, and a sense that eternity had to be faced, arrived.

Do you know what that is — every prop, every refuge, gone, and face to face with death? Is it not awful? All the brazen bravado of infidelity knocked out of you, all the unstable scaffold of human religion, forms, ceremonies, ordinances, kicked from under you, like when the bolt is drawn, and the “drop”, falls, and you “dance upon nothing,” as the world speaks of the hanged criminal. Do you know what this is, and death staring right into both eyes? It is very real, my friend.

It will be such, without Christ, not washed in His blood. Who will form that prayer meeting mentioned in the 6th chapter of the book of Revelation? Read it, and God grant you may never form one of that company, my reader.

Well, M — was now getting to the end of his earthly tether. One day I found him very miserable, (thank God! ah! yes, thank God, again and again) and he opened up a little. I do not wish to reveal the secrets of that sick-chamber, but only to show, as I said at first, the grace and faithfulness of my God and Father.

Bit by bit it came out, a backslider, who had found the service of Satan and the world hard. The Holy Spirit was doing His blessed work, “convincing of sin,” ploughing up the conscience, but not leaving him there. In His rich mercy, the loving Father he had strayed from, BUT WHO HAD NEVER LEFT HIM, no, NEVER! was paving the way to RESTORE the joy of His salvation. David never asked to have salvation restored — he knew better than that — but the “JOY” of it. And gradually the light came into his soul, till he was again rejoicing in Jesus as his Saviour, and the Holy God as his Father.

The means used I need not speak of. Of course they were the truths of the word, about the faithfulness of God, the work of Jesus, and the witness of the Holy Ghost.

One interview, nearly the last, I shall never forget. He was very communicative, humbly, not boastfully so; very, very different to when we first met. One could not but be melted, and worship Him Who is true to the work of His Christ, and His own word.

But what M — must have gone through in his exercised state, anguish and remorse filling his soul, no one can tell, till suicide in all sorts of shapes presented itself to his tortured mind, even to visiting the sergeant instructor of the local corps of volunteers, where he knew rifles and cartridges were stored, hoping that an opportunity might occur when his brother non-commissioned officer's back was turned to secure both rifle and ammunition, and shoot himself. This was prevented; then he got up, dressed, and got ready, even to his hat, gloves, and stick (his own words), intending to walk out and throw himself under a train, at a station very near his house; but when he got up he was too weak to walk, and had to return to bed again, Which he never after left.

“God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform,”

wrote one, who himself had entered a hackney coach of those days, and ordered to be driven to London Bridge, intending to throw himself into the Thames; but the coachman happened to be too drunk to understand his orders, and drove about, round and round, for some two hours, till the fit of self-destruction having worn off, he found himself at the same spot he entered the coach. He got out, returned home, thanked God for His mercy, and wrote the well-known hymn.

Yes, God does work in a mysterious way, and what He performs is always wondrous, as M — learned.

Oh! reader, it is His faithfulness, not mine, or thine. What a mercy!

I asked M — what sort of a night he had had, as to sleep?

“A bad one; awake nearly the whole of it.” But as he lay he seems to have had a wonderful time of thought which he named to me. He said to Satan, “Ah! Satan, you all but had me,” — “ALL BUT,” — and it was these two words I had nearly put at the head of this little article. Yes, “ALL BUT,” but not quite; then he turned towards me, and said,

“You know, sir, how they mark and call the score at a game of bowls, and I thought the Devil and I were going to have a game. I fancied someone rushed into the alley just before we began, and shouted, ‘How’s the game?’ ‘Love all,’ said the marker. Then we set to work, the devil began to score, and soon the marker cried, ‘One leg off,’ that is when ten is scored. Ah! I thought, he has badly wounded me, ‘One leg off!’ On again. And presently the cry was, ‘Look sharp!’ this when eighteen had been made, twenty-one being the game. Soon after the marker shouted, ‘ALL BUT.’ Satan had scored twenty. Only one ace more, but he didn’t beat after all; he ‘all but’ had me, but not quite.”

“No,” I replied, much moved, “Jesus was stronger than Satan, dear M —, and came in and delivered you! What a mercy. ‘Hallelujah, what a Saviour!’”

A great deal more was said, for strength was given him for all that, but enough.

It was at my next and last but one visit that he whispered, “Bright, bright, bright.” Ah! and he looked it too; no more averted face, no more reticence, no putting off the truth, “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh” (Matt. 12:34).

At one’s last visit one could but commend him and his to the tender care of Him who is the God of the widow and Father of the fatherless, being too weak to speak, and that Christ who had loved him and given Himself for him. And I just said, “Well M—, I am thankful we have been permitted to meet down here, and we shall again above.” Such a look, such a smile, and a nod of assent.

Well, my reader, what say you? Is it bright, bright, bright, or, black, black, black? Which?

If the last, own it; take the place where that which makes bright can reach you, down in the dust; own it, for that is where salvation, mercy, cleansing, pardon, reaches one. The “mire,” the “dunghill” (1 Sam. 2:8), from which He lifteth one, and up to the “throne of glory.” No half way house either. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set him among princes; from the black, black, black, of nature’s darkness, to the light of the glory.

May you learn this, and this very day; then with M—you will say, “Bright, bright, bright.”

How bright, there above, is the mercy of God —

And void of all guilt and clear of all sin,

Is my conscience and heart, through my Saviour’s blood;

Not a cloud above, not a spot within.

Christ died! then I am clean,

Not a spot within;

God’s mercy and love,

Not a spot above.

“Tis the Spirit, through faith, thus triumphs over sin

Not a cloud above, not a spot within!

S. V. H.

“In the Evening Withhold not Thine Hand.”

“I SHOULD be very glad if you would call and see Mr. M—, who lives just across the road there: he has broken a blood vessel, and I am afraid he is not fit to die, for he has been a very wicked man in his time.”

The speaker was a poor, unlettered woman, herself a believer, and evidently very desirous that her poor sick neighbor opposite should receive like precious faith in Christ.

Having crossed the road to his house, my knock was answered by a little girl, who told me I should find uncle upstairs. On entering his room I found him lying on a bed, which latter, with a chair or two and a musical instrument, was, if I remember rightly, the sole furniture the room contained. His appearance and speech at once showed that I was brought face to face with a man of intelligence and culture, who was apparently very poor and very unwell.

After a few questions relative to his state of health were asked and answered, I opened my Bible and said,

“Would you like me to read to you?”

“I am too weak to bear it,” he said.

“Only just a short Psalm,” I replied, and at once began to read the thirty-second Psalm. I had scarcely finished reading when a lady entered the room, and I felt there was no alternative but for me to withdraw.

The second time I called he answered my knock himself, with a loud “It is not convenient for me to see you. this afternoon.”

I turned from his door with a sad heart, and the report that another servant of the Lord had been refused admission did not lessen the discouragement. However, I could not forget that this “very wicked man” needed salvation, and looked to the Lord in his case to set before me an open door.

The request was by the Lord most graciously answered, and for some time afterwards he tolerated my visits, and suffered me to read and to pray with him, but manifested very little concern as to his own soul’s salvation.

On one occasion I fancied I perceived a change in his demeanor, and really began to hope that at last his eyes were opening upon eternal realities. The very next day I happened to be in a shop transacting business, when the shopkeeper suddenly exclaimed,

“There! look at that couple over there, they both deserve to be horse-whipped! That man and his wife are both of them as bad as they can be, yet they cannot give up going to the public-house.”

One glance across the square was sufficient to cause me grief beyond expression, for I observed that the very couple whose actions had so aroused this busy shopkeeper’s indignation were none

other than Mr. M—and his wife!

I said to myself, “Whatever is the use of continuing to visit one so evidently enslaved to a loathsome habit, and moreover so indifferent to the things that belong to his peace? Am I not simply wasting time in visiting such an one?” Presently the thought occurred to me, “Was there not a time when you also were careless and gave little heed to the loving and appealing voice of Jesus? If the Spirit of God had not again and again striven with you, would you not have been even now yourself afar off from peace?”

Constrained to visit him once more, the very exercise of soul through which I had passed made me even more earnest in prayer for his conversion, and I felt I must at least endeavor to convince him of his present perilous and lost condition.

“Much as I desire your salvation,” I said, “beyond pointing you as a poor lost sinner to Christ, and praying that God may open your eyes, that you may see and believe, I can do nothing. The tremendous responsibility of receiving Christ, or of rejecting so great salvation, rests solely upon yourself. If you come to Jesus, just as you are, you shall be saved from wrath, even as others, but without a Saviour you will be lost eternally.”

He appeared to be awe stricken at the thought of the coming judgment, but instead of being offended with the vehemence with which I had addressed to him these few words of warning, it soon became evident that I had won his confidence. He told me his relatives were infidels, and these had brought him up from a child in avowed unbelief. Better still, it soon became evident by the grace of God this sceptic’s heart was at last opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. Little by little the light dawned upon his once dark soul, and I could not but rejoice when I saw unmistakable evidences that the Holy Spirit had begun a good work in his heart, while life was ebbing fast away.

Just about an half-hour before his spirit departed, like Hezekiah of old, he turned his face towards the wall and prayed most earnestly unto Him Who was, and is, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

“Saved so as by fire,” this once dying infidel went into the presence of the Lord without having opportunities offered him of serving the Lord Christ. But if thou, beloved reader, will accept Christ now, while you have health and strength, He will both receive you, and purge your heart from all its uncleanness, and it may be He will give you many golden opportunities of serving Him on earth. A. J.

“I Know He will Never Forgive Me.”

POOR E —! how often have I beheld her face with grief. So young in years, yet so abandoned. The very recollection of the sinful life she once led is now sufficient to cause deep sorrow of heart.

How could she ever sink so low in moral degradation? Ah! if in her earlier years she had been treated with more consideration and kindness at home, her after course of life had probably been far different. While she was to be blamed, she was therefore to be pitied.

And there were some dear children of God who did pity her, and sought, happily not in vain, to bring her within the circle of other influences, and to induce her to reform her character.

For all this, E — was deeply grateful, but reformation of character is not in itself sufficient to satisfy a longing soul. She was still a sinner in the sight of a holy God, a poor lost sinner. And perhaps she never saw this more clearly than when she received a note from a former companion in sin, which stated that the writer was now become a child of God through faith in Christ Jesus. She was indeed desirous of leading a better life in the future; but oh! those sins of the past, how could they be washed away?

I had just read before her a young lady's simple and pathetic narration of her own merciful deliverance from all the cruel bondage and power of the enemy, and of the joy and rest and peace that had taken possession of her heart since she had come to Jesus; and was telling E — of Him in whose name is preached the forgiveness of sins, when she suddenly burst into tears and said, “I know He will never forgive me.”

When she had become a little more calm, I told her of Mary Magdalene, upon whom the Lord had mercy, and out of whom He cast seven devils, and referred to later incidents in her life which abundantly proved that “where sin abounded grace did much more abound.” But where shall words be found that shall prove adequate to testify of His amazing grace and love, who from His own veins supplied that precious blood which alone avails to cleanse from all sin?

Is this thy fear, dear unsaved one, that thy sins are too great for forgiveness? Then I would also tell thee of one who once ventured into the Saviour's presence; and wilt thou not also venture, and take thy place at His feet? For the very fact that thou art a sinner proves thy need of that Saviour. He became the Saviour because we were sinners.

And she of whom I now speak stood behind Him and wept, and He turned her not away, though she was soon convinced that He knew what her former actions had been. Listen! He speaks of her before all. He says, “Her sins” — yet she abides in His presence, before Whom all is manifest. He proceeds, — “which are many” — He could not pass by one of them. What an exposure of herself to herself before all present; even now she remains. The Light is to her more attractive than the darkness. Oh the relief afforded to her sorrowing spirit by the utterance of the last two words of that one brief sentence — “are forgiven!” Who can wonder that she ceased not to kiss His feet, Who had forgiven her all? Many sins, but all forgiven!

Dost thou grieve, precious soul, that thy sins are likewise many? Then delay not to take thy place at His feet, Who waits to give to each repentant one the same gracious word of assurance. And must thou doubt it if He says it? Canst thou not believe His own words?

On that afternoon when I addressed poor E —and pointed her to Jesus, it seemed to her too good news to be ever true in her case, for as yet she knew not the greatness of His love.

Some time afterwards I saw her again, and now her wobegone look had fled. She smiled as she told me that now she knew He, her Lord and Saviour, had forgiven even her. And now in her hearing it was mine to bear witness to His speedy coming to take all His own blood-bought and blood-washed sheep home to the Father's house on high. That while we are waiting for His sure return He would have us be up and doing, and seeking to win others, that they also may be saved, and rise with us to meet Him in the air. A. J.

“No Time to Think About her Soul.”

SOME time ago I was distributing gospel books from house to house, and inviting the people to attend some special gospel meetings that were being held in the neighbourhood where I was staying. At one house where I called a poor jaded, careworn-looking woman answered the door. I asked her if she would accept a little gospel book, and then asked her if she could go to any of the meetings that were being held. She tossed her head and said,

“I have got a lot of little children to attend to, and I have quite enough to do to attend to them; I have no time to go to meetings, or to think about my soul; that will have to go.”

Those words sent a thrill to my heart, and I said to her,

“No time to think about your precious soul that I has to live forever?”

I could say no more, for she shut the door, and I left that door asking the Lord to deal with that one, and lead her to see and feel she must find time to think about her soul, and where she was to spend eternity.

Oh! my dear reader, let me beseech of you not to let Satan blind you by telling you that you have so much to attend to that you cannot think about your soul. Do you think that excuse would do for God, when you stand before the Great White Throne, and tell Him you had “no time to think about your soul?”

Do not be deluded by the devil in any way. “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:23), and “the wages of sin is death” (Rom. 6:23); but God in His wondrous love and grace has provided a remedy for sin. He “so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Will you not come to Him (ere the day of grace closes) as a lost and ruined sinner, and accept His free offer of pardon and peace? Nothing but the precious blood of the Lord Jesus can make you fit for the presence of a holy God; and His blood can make the vilest clean. Do be in earnest about your precious soul, and do not be like the poor woman, and say you have “no time to think.”

“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation” (2 Con 6:2). God does not promise us “tomorrow.” Soon, very soon, the Lord Jesus is coming to take His own to be with Him forever, and you would not like to be left behind for judgment, would you? But unless cleansed by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, you can never enter Heaven.

May the Lord grant that you may be ready and waiting for the Son of God from Heaven, that you may spend an endless eternity of unutterable joy and bliss with the One Who so loved you as to give His precious life for you. Do be in earnest; time is short; “the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.”

S. S. B. G.

“That Verse will let me in.”

DURING the month of August, 1884, in a quiet little village in Wiltshire, I was called to see a young man who was suffering from inflammation of the brain. I felt it to be a dangerous case, and how great the solemnity of passing into eternity without knowing the Saviour, and was thus led to speak to him, telling him of that message of love to a guilty world, which says, that all who believe in Jesus as their Saviour, will spend eternity with Him, where there will be no more suffering or pain.

He told me if he died, he should like to go to heaven. He would not like to go to hell, to be with the devil. As he spoke these words he seemed to have an earnest desire to escape from the wrath which is to come.

I looked up to heaven, and prayed that God would show him Jesus, Who is the way to heaven. Taking for an illustration what we call a ‘finger-post,’ standing at a cross road, for the use of strangers who do not know the way, I said to him, “If you, not knowing the way, come to a cross road with a ‘finger-post,’ you would read that this road led to such a place, say the place you wished to go to, and you would believe it and walk on, satisfied that you were on the right road. So Jesus is the way to heaven, and the true ‘finger-post’ which points God to heaven. He beckons poor sinners, saying, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’

I felt much encouraged by the way he seemed to receive this blessed news, and was privileged to speak to Him several times of this wonderful tale of divine love. In a few days he was decidedly better, and I left him a book to read, which I found he was very pleased with. I felt, though he seemed somewhat out of danger, that if God spared him, his sickness might be blessed to his soul, for he had told me what a sinner he felt he was, and if God did but spare him he would lead a better life. There seemed to be a general broken-heartedness about him. In a few days the disease returned, being more rapid than at first, and I called again to see him. My wife also left a text of scripture for him to read, and think about, which his father tacked to the wall over the mantelpiece, where it could be plainly seen. The text was that blessed revelation of God’s infinite love, “GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE” (John 3:16). The dear young fellow read the text over and over again, and when I called, his dear mother told me that he had been fully occupied with it. I felt much encouraged, and believed that God was by His word revealing this infinite love to his soul, and I explained the text more fully to him. He looked me full in the face and said, “That verse will let me in, then, wont it?” I assured him that the truth of that sweet verse had let thousands and thousands of poor sinners into heaven, and it would let him in, too, if he believed in Jesus as the Saviour, the true “finger-post,” who says, “I am the Way.”

With much earnestness he looked up to me and said,

“I do believe in Jesus, and am a pilgrim going home. I am going to die, and shall be put in the grave, but my soul will go up to Jesus; there will be no pain there” (for he suffered much).

I felt so thankful that God had indeed spoken to him and caused him to hear that voice which awakens the dead, and I knelt down by his side to pour out my soul to God in thankfulness, that this was indeed a brand plucked out of the fire. He joined most fully in thanksgiving to God for having led him to know Jesus. The dear young fellow looked me full in the face (I shall never forget the blessed scene), and said,

“I am so thankful to you, for nobody ever told me about Jesus like you have, and I might have died and gone to hell.”

When I saw him again, he was much worse, but the text was the language of his soul, and a verse he had learnt when at school was now a blessing to him.

“I’m a pilgrim bound for glory,
I’m a pilgrim going home;
Come and hear me tell my story,
All that love the Saviour, come.”

And so the dear young fellow, when able, kept repeating the text and saying this hymn, and bore a bright testimony to his dear parents and all who came to see him. This blessed change caused tears, of joy to flow from his dear parents, and may the bright testimony lead them to the Saviour, that they may meet their dear child in heaven, to join in that song of the redeemed (Rev. 5:9).

It was great joy to my heart to go into his bedroom, though he suffered so much, yet patiently. As you listened to his story of “I’m a pilgrim going home,” etc., it told you plainly that God had spoken to him in that room, and I felt the solemnity as I entered there with joy, that God had made him so happy. Though now passing away, he was so very near, yes, so near to seeing joy, “to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.”

Two days before he passed away a brother in the Lord called to see him with me. He asked him if he knew the Saviour, and he replied, “I’m a pilgrim bound for glory,” and repeated the text.

In fact, the dear young fellow was so occupied with the blessed portion that was his, that it filled our hearts with thanksgiving, and we had joy upon earth together in that room, and there was joy in heaven, too, over this sinner who had repented.

I was with him when he passed away so quietly, and when life was too far gone to repeat the text of Scripture. As I sat by him, I could catch broken sentences of this blessed portion that had filled his heart.

And now, dear reader, I have given you this true narrative, and pray that you may be led to believe that wonderful revelation of God (John 3:16).

There may be only a small space between you and eternity. Heaven is real, hell is real. Remember, Jesus is the way to heaven, and the truth of that verse that filled the dear one’s heart I have told you about, will fill your heart and let you into heaven, “Him that cometh unto me, I will in

no wise cast out.” E. J.

Look!

THERE is One nailed to a cross between two thieves, — the blood is trickling down His face from the pressure of the crown of thorns around His brow. Around Him are thousands of people gathered to watch Him die. He cries, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me.” It is the cry of a broken heart. And now “It is finished,” and the patient head is bent upon His breast — He dies. Who is it sinner? It is Jesus! the Son of God! the Saviour of the world! “The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.” Look to Jesus! Look away from everything to Him. He was there for sin. He is in heaven for sinners now. Look! There is life for a look at the Crucified One. “In Him was life,” You are “dead in trespasses and sins.” Look to Him and live. Look now with the eye of faith. “Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.”

Only Half a Bible

“THERE, Emma, give me your Bible; I’ll cut it in half,” and suiting the action to the word, I made a pretended snatch at the Bible of the young person addressed, and put a hand into my pocket to draw out my clasp-knife.

Of course the Bible was gripped all the tighter, and I did not slash the precious book in two.

Why did I act and speak thus? I will just tell you, dear reader, looking to God to use what I am about to write to your blessing, to your deliverance from the state of soul the dear girl alluded to was in.

And what was that state of soul? One which I am sure many are in at this very moment, and maybe you yourself amongst them.

Very miserable through the conscience having been reached by the ploughshare of the word of sod. Yet, at the same time, apparently, refusing to receive the “oil and wine” of the glad tidings, to comfort your wounded spirit; in fact, believing only half the Bible, receiving only that which, while it paints sin and the sinner in their true colors, cannot carry peace to the troubled soul. Writing bitter things against yourself, all very true, as far as they go, and yet not the whole truth.

Emma and Alice had been friends and intimates for years, connected, too, by marriage in their families, went to the same Sunday School, taught by the same teacher, were deeply convinced of sin the same night, through the preaching of the gospel, both hearing the same word. Alice went home and told her parents, who were believers in the Lord Jesus. They were overjoyed at the Spirit’s work in their child’s soul, took her aside, prayed with and for her, pointed her to the finished and accepted work of Christ, and in a short time had the further satisfaction of seeing their daughter not only convinced of sin and owning her ruin as a sinner, the ploughshare of the word, the two-edged sword of the Spirit, having done their work, but now through looking off, away from self unto Jesus, and resting upon what God’s word said about His Christ and the finished and accepted work of that beloved Son, found “ joy and peace in believing.”

With Emma it was very different; deeper and deeper seemed to sink the arrow of conviction. More miserable every day did she grow, spite of all that was put before her, and even her friend Alice’s entreaties to look away from self and feelings, and everything good, bad, and indifferent, as people say, to that blessed object for the poor wounded heart at God’s right hand in the glory, a risen, glorified Saviour.

Do I address one who, like Emma, can say, “My sin, my sin,” one deeply convicted by the word of God, and yet has no joy, no peace, almost in despair, no rest for soul, morning, noon, or night? Ah I it is very real, is it not? No one knows it but those who have gone through it.

Do I also address one who says, “Well, I know nothing of all this bitter experience. I don’t see why people should make such a fuss. I am not so bad after all, not worse than others.” Do I?

Well, to the first I would say, "Cheer up, my friend, divine surgery is at work, the prop is being skillfully used, you are learning just what Hannah expresses in 1 Sam. 2:6-11, 'The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up.'"

To the latter, dear goal, you have at present no part or lot in the matter. You are whole, in your own eyes, and therefore do not need the Physician; you are the Pharisee of Luke 18:11, 12. May you be turned into the Publican of the 13th verse, ere you sleep this night, smite your breast, and cry, "God be merciful to me THE sinner." He will, and you will then know what the right place before God is, and continue Hannah's word, learning what she meant by that eighth verse, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust (the poor in spirit out of the dust of self-abasement), and lifeth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes."

This, after a long time, Emma learned, and has been for some years rejoicing in the Christ of God; but she now sees that long ere she did find peace and joy she might have done so, by looking away from herself and unto Jesus, and thus taking the other half of the Bible, which tells of how "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son," that He "made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin," that HE laid iniquity upon Him, and hid His face from Him, till that blessed One cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" that the precious blood shed on Calvary cleanseth from ALL sin, and thus all God's claims have been met, righteously settled, and that now He justifies all who believe in Jesus.

I have no business to believe one portion of God's word more than another; and if my conscience has been pricked by passages which show out the holiness of God and the sinfulness of the sinner, and there see that "the chief of sinners am I," I am bound to accept the other side, that the holy God has Himself, in the person of His Son, provided that which atones for every sin and clears His throne of justice, and thus meets all the claims His justice can advance, and add, "but Jesus died for me." It is a whole Bible, not half a one, my reader; you must take all or none, for if one side, which condemns, is true, so is the other, which justifies.

Not long since I said to Emma, "You don't want your Bible cut in half now?" No, indeed, she wanted it all, the truth, the WHOLE truth, and nothing but THE truth. "Thy word is truth."

S. V. H.

Heaven or Hell

DEAR friend, you are going on almost imperceptibly, but most surely, to ETERNITY, those endless ages which you must spend either in HEAVEN or in HELL. Everything here is fleeting—joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, riches or poverty, sickness or health; the life which you are spending here may be cut off at any moment, and cannot be very long, but beyond it ETERNITY. Oh! consider, what is your eternity to be? You cannot escape it; and if you knew that you were SAVED, your deepest joy would be to know that that eternity would be spent in heaven with Christ; but are you saved? You are a sinner, and God is holy; if you would know the joy of His presence, your sins must be forgiven and put away; nothing that you can do can atone for one sin; you cannot deliver yourself; but, thank God, He has provided a SAVIOUR, Jesus the Son of God, Who became a man that He might take the guilty sinner's place, and die under the judgment of God against sin; He shed that precious blood which alone can atone for sin; God is satisfied; and the sinner, the lost sinner, who owns his sin, and trusts in Christ, is SAVED. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life."

“What a Horrid Shame.”

“WHAT a horrid shame to frighten a fellow out of his life!” exclaimed Lieutenant P — one night at mess, in C—Barracks.

“What’s the matter now, P—?” was the query which the above exclamation at once raised. “What’s up now?” and all were agog to know what had frightened the gallant officer out of his life — as he called it.

It appears, from the reply made, that Lieutenant P — had been to Portsmouth on duty that day, and as the train slowed into the station, looking out of the carriage window, his eye lighted upon a large board, fastened to a house, on which, in huge characters, had been painted, “PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD,” and this passage of God’s word it was which had caused the expression, “What a horrid shame to frighten a fellow out of his life!”

Ah! poor, dear P—, one could only wish it had frightened him, indeed, out of the old into the new life; but that one must leave; perhaps someday those words will yet be used of God to his soul — read them again he never will. For many years since, sight passed from those eyes, which then were able to decipher that which, for the moment, startled the officer.

Doubtless many had seen and read those five words, “PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD,” and though you may not have seen them on that very identical board, my reader, you have in God’s word itself, or heard them often enough. And let me ask, are YOU “prepared to meet your God?” “One day you will have to meet Him, and more than that, give an account of yourself to Him. “So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God” (Rom. 14:12). And that day may come sooner than you think, much sooner than you would like. Is it not then a matter of transcendent importance that you should be prepared for this tremendous meeting?

Has the thought never caused you anxiety? Have you never tried to avoid the question? Both, my reader, both, and you know it. But it is no use putting it from you, and at the bottom of your heart you are aware of it. Well, then, why not look the fact in the face, and get the all-important question settled as to this preparation to meet this giving account of self to GOD.

Do you say, “Well, how am I to be prepared? what is the preparation that Holy One needs?” Thank God, this can soon be answered to the simple soul, who is real as to his or her state of unfitness to meet God.

God has Himself provided this fitness, knowing that no one else could, and not willing that any should perish. And therefore what He has provided must, as a matter of course, satisfy Him. The word tells us, when there was no eye to pity, no arm to save, His eye pitied, and His arm brought salvation. What a God! So holy that He could not look upon sin, and yet so loving that He could say, “Deliver him from going down into the pit; I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM.” Yes; “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son” — but He was so intensely righteous, that when that Blessed One was bearing sin in His own body on the tree, God hid His face from Him, and we

heard that cry of cries, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” Preparation was being made for you, dear soul; not some rags of your righteousness, but the best robe, such as the Father had in readiness for the prodigal.

Of course you have often read the third chapter of Genesis, and noticed how utterly Adam’s preparation “to meet God” failed to satisfy his own conscience, let alone the holy eye of Jehovah. No! the moment the Lord God comes into the garden, Adam hurries off behind the trees, to hide from Him. No good, Adam must come out, and know after all his fig-leaf apron will not hide his nakedness.

So with you, my reader; all your righteousnesses are but filthy rags, and will not form any preparation. But what did God do in Adam’s case? You know; apply it to your own case. “The Lord God made coats of skins and clothed Adam.” HE DID IT ALL — made the coats and put them on. Was Adam now prepared to meet God? The question is,

“Was God satisfied with the preparation He made for His sinning creature?” If the type is so distinct as to this with regard to Adam’s case, how much more for your own? It is not now the death of an animal — the skins of beasts — but the death of God’s own Son, in your stead; the blood of that precious Jesus for your cleansing; and Himself risen your essential righteousness before God. Is God satisfied with this? That is what settles the question in my own mind. HE IS, MUST SE, AND EVER WILL BE, or it is His own providing. “Whom GOD HATH SET forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood” (Rom. 3:25); and with reference to that blessed One we read, “Who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God” (Heb. 9.); and now the Holy Ghost, through the word, testifies to these facts. God provided Him; He offered Himself. So the whole thing is done, and He is the poor sinner’s preparation who believes God’s word. “Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification.” As I like to alter that verse of a well-known hymn,

“I hear the words of love,

GOD gazes on the blood (Ex. 12:13);

HE sees the mighty sacrifice,

And I have peace with God.”

My dear friend, here’s preparation for you; will you accept it? will you bow to the word of God? Because if you do, you are prepared this moment to meet that Holy God, and find another has given an account for you.

Again that passage comes before me. Several years subsequent to the above another board was seen by hundreds leaving the racecourse at Chester; on it was painted, “THE RACE IS RUN; YOU HAVE LOST YOUR MONEY. ‘PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.’”

One soul, at least (God knows how many more), was not “frightened out of his life,” but brought into exercise and trouble of conscience, which resulted in conversion to God. As he read those words it flashed through his mind, “True enough, the race is run; I have lost my money, and I have to meet God.” From this he could not get away, or find any rest to his soul, until he learned what one has been trying to set forth as God’s preparation for the poor sinner, wherein he CAN meet

Him whenever he may be called to do so; and in the meanwhile sing,

“Not a cloud above, not a spot within;

Christ died — then I am clean.”

Doubtless both those who put up the two boards I speak of, the one at Portsmouth, some twenty years ago, which caused Lieutenant P — to exclaim as he did, and on Chester racecourse many years subsequently, had themselves learned what a dread-fill thing it would be to be ushered unprepared into the presence of God, without being cleansed in the precious blood of Christ, and have Him as their best robe before that Holy One, and therefore wished to warn others. “The day” alone will declare how many, not only took the warning, “PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD,” but learned what the preparation was. May you do so, my dear reader, and at once, and then be used of God to other precious souls, not only to warn of coming judgment, but to tell of present pardon and peace for all who are sheltered by the precious blood of Jesus, and be like the Thessalonians, waiting for God’s Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead— “even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come” (1 Thess. 2:10).

The Resting Place

I'm only a little baby,
But I know my resting place;
I know the smile that greets me
On one true loving face.
I know the voice that whispers,
Sweet words to sooth and cheer;
I know to whom I'm precious,
I know to whom I'm dear.
I'm only a little baby,
But I feel encircling arms
Are folded all around me,
To shield me from alarms.
I sometimes sleep — not always,
And then I fail to see,
The anxious eyes still watching,
In tenderest gaze o'er me.
I'm fail to hear the whisper,
And do not understand,
The smile or tone or movement,
Or pressure of the hand.
Still I am resting safely,
Because the hand is there;
Because the love that guides it,
Is love I freely share.
I cannot speak a sentence,
But I can shout and cry,

To One who ever listens,
And does my need supply
A stranger would not notice
That I said a word at all;
But I cheer the heart that owns me,
When one dear name I call.
In baby language lisping,
I'm always understood,
And thus I please my parent,
And that is surely good.
I'm only a little baby,
And I have such baby ways,
That with bright toys that harm me,
My little nature plays.
And then the hand that holds me,
Is sure to interfere,
And snatch away the poison,
Which seems at first severe.
But soon I know the secret,
And raise my drooping head,
To find around me scattered,
Far brighter gifts instead.
The hand is giving to me
Good things that please me so,
That when I see their beauty
I let the bad things go.
I'm only a little baby,
As weak as weak can be;
But I just lean on the bosom,

That's all in all to me.

ANNA McCOURT

“It Is Not for Us.”

“NON é per noi — it is not for us.”

So said a Venetian woman the other day, as she handed back an Italian tract which I had given her. We had had a little talk on other occasions, and she had accepted a tract then, but now she refused it firmly, though politely. Very likely the priest had been warning her against reading such books.

She meant, of course, that it was not for her as a Roman Catholic, but are there not many Protestants who say of God’s offer of salvation, “It is not for me?” Have you ever said it? Not with your lips perhaps, but do your actions say it? God offers you eternal life in His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; have you accepted it?

If not, you show that you either think it is “not for you,” or, owning that it is for you, you yet refuse it. In either case you grievously insult the Giver.

“Not for you” — when He has said, “Christ Jesus ...gave Himself a ransom for all!” (1 Tim. 2:5, 6).
“Not for you” — when Jesus says, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!” (Matt. 11:28).

“Not for you” — when God is still proclaiming, “Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely!” (Rev. 22:17).

Oh, how can you, how dare you, in the face of such words as those, say that it is not for you? God is offering you that priceless gift; why do you insult Him by refusing to take it?

That poor Venetian woman no doubt thought she was doing her duty in refusing what her priests would tell her was a “heretical” book, but you have not that excuse. It is not the gift of a man or woman you are refusing, but the gift of the eternal God.

O precious soul, for whom Christ died! stretch out your hand at once — an empty hand, mind! — take the offered gift, and thank the One Who gives it. Don’t go on saying for one moment longer, “It is not for me,” but sing with joyful heart,

“It is for me, it is for me,

Salvation full, salvation free;

For now my Saviour I can see,

And He has died for me.”

C. H. P.

The Mystery of Life

LET me say, with what force does the Spirit of God in Scripture teach us the mystery of life? With what an intense sense of it would He impress our souls, that we have lost it, but that Christ has it for us.

The flaming sword in the hand of the cherubim keeping every way, the way to the Tree of life, was the expression of this, as soon as ever sin was collimated, and death brought in. That sight let Adam learn, and all of us, through Adam, that the life which we have lost we never can regain.

The ordinance which forbade the eating of blood, set up as soon as ever the flesh of animals was given for food, and continued and repeated jealously in the law, was a witness of the same, a standing witness which spoke to the heart and conscience of men from the days of Noah to the times of the Gospel — and perhaps indeed to this present time (Acts 15).

The Gospel teaches the same great truth abundantly — none are left with any possible power to question it — that man is dead, dead in trespasses and sins, and that he is without strength, and can never recover or revive himself.

In this intense, emphatic way, does Scripture, from beginning to end, let man know that He has lost life, and lost it irrecoverably.

With equal intensesness is the other great mystery unfolded, that life is in Christ, the Son of God, and in Him for us.

Peter was given to know this, that life was in Jesus, that He was none less than the Son of the living God. And upon his confession, the Lord goes on at once to reveal the further truth, that that life, thus owned to be in Him, was a victorious life triumphant over death.

I stop not to give the beautiful proof which the Lord's ministry affords us of this eternal life, this victorious life, this life of the "quickening spirit" being in Jesus all along His time here, but we see it gloriously displayed after His death. The empty sepulcher, as seen in John 20:5-7, is the peculiar witness that at Conqueror had been in the regions of death. And He was then, as we know, seen of the chosen witnesses for forty days after he had risen. But I want to meditate a little over the great fact, that this victorious life in Jesus the Son of God is for us. I turn to the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

There, He that was dead is alive again. His death is shown to have been for us. He did not die simply to exhibit His victory, to show that He was the stronger Man, though in the house of the strong one; but His death is declared to have been for us. It tells us, as Matthew 16:18, had pledged, that His victorious life the Son uses for the church.

He died as the Purger of our sins. He, by death, met him who was keeping us through fear of him all our life-time in bondage. These are the interpretations of His death which we find in the first two chapters.

At the opening of the third, we are commanded to consider Him who has been faithful, faithful after this manner, faithful to Him who appointed Him thus to undertake to gain life through death for us. We are to consider Him, for the establishing of our faith and for the comfort of our souls, acquainting ourselves with this great mystery, that the Son of the living God has been in conflict with death, and in the place of death, that He might bring back life to us who had lost it, and lost it irrevocably.

And as we are exhorted to consider Him, so are we further exhorted to hold Him, fast and firm and steadfast, as this same chapter proceeds.

And what is the warning? what must be the warning, after such teaching as this? "Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." How simple; and yet how needful, and yet how blessed! None less than "the living God" Himself has been made ours in Jesus, and therefore it is enough to say our all depends on holding to Him.

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